The Journal of The Kumbakonam College Literary Society.

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EDITORIAL.

We are at the end of our academical year and we are trying our best to issue the third and last number of the Journal for the year. The Reports of the working of the College Societies are embodied in this issue. The year's Old Boys' gathering comes off in a few days. We have lived, we may be allowed to say, a year of active life. Our students have had the benefit of various influences towards their training for manhood and citizenship. Let us say, the ardent pursuit of knowledge has been with them. They have sported plentifully, and they have borne themselves as members of the college community.

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Our students now live in exciting and excited times. We wish it were possible for us to provide them with precepts that could steady them under all conditions in their educational progress. What is sound is offensively commonplace and we could not aspire to speak soundly

or usefully without placing ourselves in a position of great disadvantage. We shall however fix our remarks on a recent article by Principal Jacks in "Land and Water." He writes on "Minding our own Business," and the best citizen, the best patriot he ever knew was a shepherd who had thirteen children, who grew up into stalwart, sober, intelligent, and self-respecting men and women; every one contributing necessary service to the world at this moment. The shepherd bred the finest rams in England. The moralists, with their cry of "do good to others," have got hold of the stick, but they have grasped it by the wrong ends. The most effectual way of doing good to others is to mind your own business—the most effectual, but the least showy, for there is nothing in it to indicate to the passersby that you are a philanthropist. One often wonders what the world would be like at the present moment if civilisation had been grounded from the first on the law of "mind your own business," with less said about doing good to others. I cannot but believe that we should be living in a far better world. There would be less idleness, less inefficiency, less ugliness, less dirt, less shoddy, and above all, less humbug-less, in short, of everything which darkens the future of the earth. Such are some of the reflections given expression to by Principal Jacks.

What Principal Jacks has addressed to humanity at large we shall be glad to re-iterate with added emphasis to the student-world. We have no doubt that the ideal student at college is one whose life is fiercely devoted to the principle of minding his own business. He reads extensively and he sports vigorously. He takes part in Societies to improve his own faculties of thinking and speaking. Because he does these things, he is not a fiercely selfish animal. For, everyone to fulfil perfectly his own part is to render excellent social service.

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When we speak of College Secieties we really think of institutions promoting what may be called the art of public speaking. Good public speaking follows only excellent private thinking. Of the necessity to cultivate the art of public speaking most people are convinced in these democratic days. The art stands in importance next only to the art of composition in writing. It is however curious to observe that while societies which are manifestly organisations to promote public speaking are so numerous as to be countless no efforts are made to analyse the secrets of the art. We wish our young men took up the research in this department. That should remind us of course of the ancient Greek schools that undertook careful instruction in the Art of Persuasion. We shall mention one of the first elements of Rhetoric named by Artistotle—sincerity. Most of our young men ascending the platform in our college societies are in utter earnesfness wheu they speak, sometimes tragically too, and sometimes comically. But we have actually heard some who have prefaced their speech declaring that the opinions or arguments expressed by them are not necessarily the opinions believed in by them. We will confidently tell them that they are woefully mistaken in interpreting to themselves in such a manner their responsibility in public speaking. No word is worth uttering by a man which he did not sincerely wish to utter. No argument is ever likely to carry conviction with it which is not earnestly pleaded. But there is something to be said about the way in which this earnestness is conveyed to the audience. To speak earnestly a man does not need to employ any oddity of manner. He need not even speak at the top of his voice. It is a distinct weakness in a speaker when he resorts to all kinds of peculiar emphasis on words, phrases and sentences. The late Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale, a sketch of whose life is essayed in the pages of this issue elsewhere was an excellent example of an effective public speaker, not because of any high-flown, passionate bombast, or any personal peculiarity or oddity but just because of

the directness, simplicity or uncolouredness as we might term it, of his manner. When Mr. Gokhale spoke, his words and sentences were lucidly uttered, and their greatest force and their greatest emphasis lay in their perfect sense and logic. When a man worth listening to speaks, he passes from point to point illuminating the minds of the audience. A speaker does not necessarily say new things and yet if the chain of logic is sound and the audience can endorse the transition at every stage, he is worth listening to.

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To the ordinary speaker, the greatest pitfall is when he speak about himself. The best remedy will be in his avoiding it altogether. It will be interesting to investigate how much the speakers in our Societies or even on the public platforms, will have left to them if they are obliged rigorously not to speak about themselves, offer apologies for speaking or thanking the hosts for the honour done to them in their being invited. There is a current notion that it is very unfashionable or unbecoming a man to do his best to prepare for a speech he is to make at a meeting. The prejudice seems to be strong also against manuscript eloquence. It is not our intention here to throw cold water on ambitious ideals cherished by young men in their training towards mastering the art of public speaking, but we will invite them to examine critically the results produced on their Societies' platforms and let them find the remedies whenever they are dissatisfied with the results.

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We will add another word here about Chairmen in meetings. What are the duties of a Chairman? It is of course an unfortunate feature of College Societies in this country that students do not gain there the experience of occupying the chair at the meetings. The elders are as a rule chosen to preside at them. But it is common knowledge that even they do not always fulfil their duties

in such a way as to be above criticism. The Chairman introduces the lecturer, and probably raises some anticipations in the audience about the lecture. The greater part of his duty is however in his concluding speech. He always indulges in remarks in addition to what he says merely by way of thanking the lecturer. What is this to be? If he will summarise the Lecture and emphasise the chief points in it, it will be well and good. If he will supplement by purely additional remarks good also. But if he must disagree, there is the rub. He should however make it his business to tell the things he agrees in before he tells the things he disagrees in, with the Lecturer. And even as to things he disagrees in the Chairman might well consider, if it is about a point of great importance to the subject and to the audience. The expression of disagreement should never be for the sake of merely an exhibition of the Chairman's own abilities. Every meeting where a discussion is held ought to subserve an essential principle of Unity. The Lecturer is the principal performer, the Chairman gives a graceful setting to it.

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As belonging to a member of the Madras University we feel proud to make a reference here to some of the glorious successes achieved at the Indian Universities within recent months. It was not long ago that Professor C. V. Raman's report on the first year's working of the Physics Research Institute in Calcutta of which he is head, was published. Mr. C. V. Raman is of our own province and as such we feel proud. His report, though covering only the first year's work, will be found to be a source of great gratification to all who are sympathetically interested in the progress of Indian Universities. The report mentions among its promising research workers Mr. T. K. Chinmaiyanandam who took his Honours degree at the Madras University only last year. The greatest event within recent months has been the inauguration of Sir

J. C. Bose's Research Institute in Calcutta. His lecture on the "Voice of Life" has been widely read and it has imparted a profound thrill to the minds of its readers. At the Madras University itself we have recently had two lectures by Dr. P. C. Ray the distinguished Professor of Chemistry. He traced the history of Chemistry in ancient India and exhorted the young men before him to prosecute zealously scientific research There is one peculiar circumstance about our greatest research-workers in this country which renders them doubly worthy of our affection and reverence. It is that they are, besides being towering geniuses of intellect, men of unexampled self-less-ness whose services to the country deserve the highest honour Sir J. C. Bose has invested his life-earnings in his Institute. Professor Raman has given up a most lucrative office to take up his professorship. Those who have had the privilege of knowing Dr. Ray personally have spoken of his sage-like look and demeanour. He has presented away the entire sum of honorarium paid to him by the Madras University to endow a prize in its auspices to be awarded to science scholars.

Within an interval of a few days we have received news of Mr. S. Ramanujam being elected to be Fellow of the Royal Society and of Mr. C. K. Ananda Rao winning the Smith Prize at Cambridge. We congratulate both the young men on having brought such high honour to this country.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

SHAKESPEARE AS A COMIC DRAMATIST.

The object of an ideal drama is to "exhibit successive imitations of successive actions" says Dr. Johnson. It must be an imitation of nature. The actions and passions of the characters must appear natural and probable. In fact it must be a mirror of life.

Of course in this world there is happiness as well as misery, and all persons do not die happily. Among those whose life ends in misery, there will undoubtedly be some who deserve to be happy. Those dramas which have these people as heroes, may roughly be called tragedies. Those dramas which do not end sadly, but end rather in mirth and jollity, may be called comedies. Aristotle says that a "comedy aims at representing men as worse, tragedy as better than in actual life. Comedy is an imitation of characters of a lower type." Aristotle's low opinion seems to have been founded on the fact that in a comedy the characters change their character often according to the force of the events, whereas in a tragedy, the events are influenced by the one dominant passion of the hero. His passion seals his fate, whether it be ambition, avarice, jealousy, revenge or any other. Once a dramatist has pitched upon the predominant passion of his hero, then he has no difficulty, because he may easily carry his hero through the events to his fate which is inevitable.

But a writer of comic dramas has a difficult thing to do. As the incident influences the character, in a comedy, plot becomes the important thing. The dramatist must introduce such incidents alone which will develop the character of his *dramatis personæ* to a believable extent. And as the main purpose of comedies is to give pleasure to the audience, he has again to choose the incidents which are likely to interest the audience. Thus we see that comedy requires more intelligent treatment than a tragedy. Ordinarily those who write good tragedies will not be able

to write good comedies, and *vice versa*. But Shakespeare is equally at home in buskins as in socks. He could easily depict the most tragic as well as the most comic scenes. He did not learn his art from Aristotle or any one else. His act was his own. Milton alludes to him as "warbling his native wood notes wild." He found the drama in a crude stage, with little development after the days of the great Greek dramatists, and left it so finished and perfected that the glory of Shakespeare will never die as long as the English language is spoken or read.

The proof that Shakespeare owed his art to no one is to be found in the initial failure of his composition, as compared with the masterly perfection of his later plays.

Love's Labour's Lost, his first play, shows that he has a masterly diction; but he employs this gift in producing long euphuistic passages. There is scarcely any plot or characterisation in this play.

In the "Comedy of Errors," he struck into a rich mine, which yielded him much material for comic laughter He makes a pair or two of the characters resemble each other exactly, and skilfully employs the confusion which will naturally result from it to develop his play He here continues some sort of "denonement" by entangling them as far as possible in the confusion and then relieving them from their difficulties by bringing all of them together and revealing their double personality.

In the Midsummer Night's Dream, the confusion is not of persons but of passions. One drop of the magic juice maladministered by Puck results in a confusion, and another drop administered by him to remedy matters only confounded them more. Shakspeare deftly employs in this play the art of creating surprise in the audience Oberon orders Puck to administer the juice into the eyes of Demetrius. While we are all expecting this, the juice is thrown to our utter astonishment into the eye of Lysander. And such things often happen in this play. Again in this play, Shakespeare showed that he had mastered the art of

plotting. The stories of Hermia and Lysander, Helena and Demetrius, Oberon and Titania, and the comic scenes in which Puck and Bottom are employed, are all so closely interwoven that it becomes one natural story.

Thus, it is easy to see that Shakespeare in his early comic career, made his comedies purely comic. Mistakes in identity, disguises, errors, and bewilderments in various forms, were all his materials. After these preliminary experiences, he found that the effect of a comedy can be better brought out if some tragic element is mixed with it. He found out that the world consisted neither entirely of tragic characters nor of comic characters. That a drama may be a successful mirror of life, it must be a harmonious blending of the tragic and the comic elements. Comedy must produce thoughtful laughter, and not idle spontaneous laughter. We laugh at the words of a clown, merely for the sake of his foolery. If we are asked why we laugh at Malvolio's soliloquy, we must say that the contrast between what Malvalio thinks of himself, and what he is makes us laugh. If we are asked what makes us laugh when Malvolio speaks before Olivia in so strange a manner, we must answer that what Malvolio thinks of himself, and what he really is makes us laugh. Laughter is produced in us only when we think about the two things, and contrast them with one another, and when we realise the absurdity of it. Thus we see that his later comedies produce thoughtful laughter, instead of the laughter which the confused identity of two or more persons produced in his earlier comedies.

In his later comedies, he invariably introduces some tragic element. He found out that comedy set off by a tragic undercurrent will shine much better, just as the diamond with a coarse foil will shine far better than by itself.

He makes his hero and heroine run into unexpected dangers from which they are as unexpectedly relieved. Thus the dramatic effect is increased. We love the heroes all the more, because they have overcome the difficulties which

obstructed the fruition of their love. The dramatic interest will be sustained throughout as we know that the hero and heroine are playing with edged tools, and as we are kept in suspense.

In the "Merchant of Venice" he first used this device of setting off the comic element by an underplot of tragic element. We see Antonio, to all appearance at least, irrevocably caught in the hands of Shylock, who will undoubtedly take his pound of flesh. This apparent danger leads to many pathetic scenes, and gives Shakespeare the opportunity to give many a flowery passage of poetry. It is said that 'summum jus' is 'summa injuria'. Shylock who demands the very letter of the law, and expects to get it, is unexpectedly and to the utter astonishment and joy of the audience, defeated by the same letter of the law. Thus, the hand of death leaves Antonio, the more beloved by us and we love Portia more, because it was she who rescued Antonio, and we love Bassanio more, because his true friendship is revealed to us.

His later comedies Cymbeline, Tempest and Winter's Tale, have the tragic element to a large extent. The sufferings of Imogen and Hermione and their unfailing love towards their husbands even in their sufferings have become proverbial. We love them all the more because they have suffered.

It is now clear that Shakespeare's dramas cannot easily be divided into two strict groups, tragedies and comedies. He is a true poet of nature, and he distributes comic and tragic elements impartially. His greatest tragedies contain comic scenes. The grave-diggers' scene in Hamlet and the comic scenes of Cinna the poet in Julius Caesar are examples. Just as he employed tragedy to heighten the comic effect of his comedies, so also he employed comedy to heighten the tragic effect of his tragedies. When the strain upon the audience becomes too hot to bear, he introduces comic scenes to relieve their tension for a short while, and then continues the tragic action.

Tragedies of Shakespeare cannot be converted into comedies, but his middle and later comedies at least, can very easily be made into tragedies. For instance, Shakespeare could have very easily made the "Merchant of Venice" and "Cymbeline" tragedies by making Shylock and Iachimo successful in their machinations. I mean tragedies, only in the sense that they will end miserably. It is another question whether the characters deserve to be tragic heroes or not.

"The fault of Shakespeare's comic muse is" says Hazlitt, "that it is too good-natured. True comedy must make human nature look as mean, as ridiculous and contemptible as possible" Hazlitt follows the Aristotelian principle, which cannot be applied to the modern developments of the 'Drama'. Whether it be comedy or tragedy, it is not Shakespeare's purpose to make human nature mean or contemptible. As for that, even his villains have some predominant passion, and extraordinary intellect, which though perverted, yet inspire awe into us. His dramas are so pure and chaste that in reading them vice itself loses half its venom.

The true purpose of his comedy is "to bring the ordinary mind into touch with the subtle in life on its gayer side, and with the beautiful in dramatic art.

T. S. Aravamudan.

MILITARISM *VERSUS* PACIFISM

The subject chosen for debate by the College Literary Society at its meeting on the 30th of January was typical of the world-feelings of the day. Since the beginning of the present war wild theories have been afloat and searching inquiries into the fundamentals of humanity have been stimulated. The fury of Germany's head-long race has struck some minds with its brilliance and charmed them.

Immaturity of thought and superficial admiration have even helped a conviction in absolute, brutal, militarism. But then the pacifists seem ridiculous for the moment Is it pacifism to allow oneself to be belaboured gratuitously by others? And then the accident of militarism being the possibility of being the hand of Justice,—it is disconcerting, and seems to speak in favour of militarism. Yes, indolence and luxury get lashed sometimes and the lasher may get credit for himself.

The principal speaker on the side of militarism argued that history was in his favour, that since the time of Julius Caesar crossing the Rubicon history showed one long victory of militarism. Napoleon was dazzling as Rome was in former days. If history has been read aright and understood aright, the lesson would be seen entirely to be in favour of pacifism. The most glorious of the military names of history have in their fates adorned an oft-repeated tale and pointed to the one moral of militarism being the vanity of vanities. Rome is a name and the glories of Napoleon a fleeting vision in the pages of history. All the bloody revolutions of the world never took the nations directly into the haven of peace but rather blocked the march of gradual progress. The puritan revolution paralysed the English progress for several generations afterwards. From the constitutional peace of the first sittings of the Long Parliament, the nation passed to military dictatorship, chaos and finally to the most imbecile and corrupt monarchy under Charles II and the Georges. The French Revolution, a most striking page of human history, was started to cease inhumanity and grew to be inhuman itself, and ended with getting back monarchy which was not replaced till several generations afterwards.

History has pleaded for pacifism in another way. It has shown a steadily diminishing record of wars in the succeeding periods of the life of the world. The time of man's progressive march from his dark, brutal, aboriginal, existence, has seen less and less of his ruthless warfare

belonging to his brutal instinct. Reason has so far developed amidst humanity that cutting throats has no more been regarded as an indispensable means to settle human disputes and rights.

But there should be something rotten in a pacifism which will allow itself to be humiliated by militarism even for a short time. It is feminism which wears the cloak of pacifism. Feminism is no more pacifism than indolenc and sloth can signify self-composure and self-respect. The moral order of the universe is something like the moral order of Shakespear's tragedy It is a moral order which rebels at the least weakness and flaws in the good specimens of humanity. The least weakness and flaw in the tragic hero can for the moment let the hero be vanquished by the opposing villainy of the evil force. But in the terrible convulsion of the moral order, there is a waste of the good along with the evil At the end however, the evil is completely destroyed and always a sufficient body of the good remains in the world. Even the flaws of the good excite punishment and the evil is for the time the instrument of it but the evil must at the end be annihilated completely to let the good still survive. Pacifism is again sound in its principle only on a basis of well regulated consistencies. The lesser the ambition and the selfishness in the individual or the nation the greater is his security for peace Pacifism is not a shelter for indolent sloth or luxury. It insists rigidly on a strict balance between burdens and privileges. It is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. The rich man has an out-grown ego to his discredit and the kingdom of heaven cannot tolerate it. In the words of Bossuet, "he who mocked at the blindness of others falls himself into the densest darkness often without aught else being needed to make him lose his senses than his long prosperity."

Pacifism has two unworthy foundations on which it is often striven to be made to rest. A nation attains a position by the meaner militarist methods and then suddenly is

charmed with pacifism. It is the pacifism of convenience and selfishness. On the other hand a nation is sunk in feminism and subjection and speaks of pacifism out of necessity. In both cases sacrifices shall have to be made if the essential balance of pacifism was to be kept up.

It has been usual to prop up militarism on an imagined biological necessity. The "survival of the fittest" is a very satisfying theory to nations with the pride of power. To nations that cannot lay claim to political progress the theory carries certain condemnation. The condemnation may provide to such; despair, hopelessness, and possibly an impulse towards self-effacement. The logical applications of the law of the survival of the fittest in political domination will be an unmitigated censure on India—a country which has fallen a prey to countless invaders and been subject to foreign sovereignty for numbers of centuries. No case has however been made for the self-effacement of the people of India. India has been credited with a hopeful future and India has also had justifiable pretensions to carry a noble and useful message to the rest of humanity.

India started with pacifism and degenerated into feminism. But sound pacifism is not impossible to win back. She can be as near the ideal as nations who have erred into militarism. It has been foolishly thought that the teaching of the Bhagavat Gita is a cult of militarism. The teaching of Krishna is really the golden mean between brutalism and feminism. Arjuna and his side are pacifists of the most perfect kind, but when the militarists provoked them to battle, they were not to betray feminism. The ethical issue made them imperatively go to battle and the result acquitted them of feminism.

The highest teachings of the Hindus make for pacifism. The ideal of the Upanishads is the realisation of immortality. The Universe is the Para-Brahman and the human soul's goal is the absorption in its immortality. The human soul has to realise that the All is One, leading to complete effacement of the "I" and the "You". The plant and

the animal and the mountain are only different manifestations of the One, and to one who has reached realisation, they signify no mutual warfare but rather are clothed with one Love or nearly the complete absence of its suggestion or its opposite. It is this profound peacefulness with the rest of the creation that is of the genius of the East and that has implied a precious teaching to the West The Rev. Stopford Brooke said many years ago of Rabindranath Tagore's poems as breathing contagious and convincing peace to the storm-tossed men of the West.

It will be wrong to say that Christian teachings lean towards militarism. But the tendency towards it in many Christian peoples may possibly point to a passage in the Genesis in the Bible which emphasises man more as a militant conqueror in the order of creation than as being of a harmonised piece with it. "And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." The biological necessity of war condemns mankind to the bestial level. Is not man the top and crown of creation? Or is he but a link to a higher creation? Surely it looks possible that Darwin's theory of evolution has lent itself to as much abuse of humanity as to its profit.

Another fruitful influence to misguide undeveloped minds to accept militarism has been the teaching of early writers on state-craft. Machiavelli, Bacon and Kautilya's "Arthasastra" all have regarded aggressive militarism as essential for the progressive state. It has been fancied that politics and ethics are divergent and that state policy can have no reference to ethical dictates. This is the creed of false Nationalism. It is the accumulation of the fund of evil forces which have by nature the destructive at least latent in them. The Machiavellian ideal is the transient ideal. It is the brutal, warring, self-destroying ideal. The good alone can last and the evil destroys itself. The

ultimate and logical end of blind militarism is chaos and eternal night. The foundation of human social existence is in truth and justice. Man cannot live the life of man if militarism is present to its logical finality in the affairs of peoples.

The unprecedented havoc and specialised barbarity of modern warfare have sometimes been deemed as illustrating the triumph of militarism. The same circumstance has again been fancied to refute the fact of the record of history testifying in favour of pacifism by the return of diminishing wars in the succession of time. The best explanation for the dazzling strength of modern militarism lies in the great achievements of a long period of the most civilised pacifism. What is Germany's force but the fruit of long decades of uninterrupted pacifism? How would the thousand boasted inventions that have now been availed of in the methods of destruction have been possible at all but for long successive times of piping peace when its renowned victories were all won patiently and steadily won without the noise of trumpets. Germany's vaunted militarism to-day is nothing but the abuse of her many years of glorious pacifism. She had even arrived at a golden stage of militant pacifism when her moral down-fall came as a shock on the world. The fact of the ruler of Germany having been the intended recipient of the Nobel prize for peace had not been without the possibility of its not turning out to be the greatest tragic irony in the world. Germany advanced the world's science, introduced striking schemes of education, established the most perfect forms of village organisation, developed industries to the highest degree and did indeed everything that would seem to bring in the millennium. But a false code of Nationality assailed her with her consequent fatal succumbing to it. Germany might have won the most glorious of victories if she had not rushed to war. Her intellect, her efficiency and organisation might have drawn homage from all the world and she might have successfully striven to a moral perfection that could have won the

highest reverence from the rest of the world and Germanised the world in the noblest manner. But all has been lost. There is again a fatal misunderstanding in the application of the principle of the essential progress of humanity in politics A state, it has been said, to maintain its vitality should be ever progressing. There is no stage in the march where you say halt to live in contentment. The plausible application of this principle has been in the aggressive militarism of states. Ambition to extend dominion and conquering other peoples have curiously seemed the best form of progress for a state after it has constructed the internal machinery of administration to a fair level of perfection. Are there not righteous ways of exercising the vitality of the nations, based on the absolute principles of humanity and truth and justice? Assuredly there are if only people will try to realise them.

Apart from and above the militarism of destructive armaments there is a higher militarism which will behove humanity to pursue through eternity. It is the unceasing militarism of moral good and human kindness. It is the brave facing of the eternal struggle of day to day against temptations to fulfil the duties of man according to his militant moral sense. Have the vices of human society been wiped off? Have the pitiable ills of suffering humanity been completely looked to and remedied?

Militarism is virtuous if it is only to combat feminism and corruption. But pacifism is the ideal and is based upon an ethical understanding of humanity. Militarism may have to be the means of achieving pacifism but it is in itself an evil to be resorted to in necessity. The idea of evil means to achieve good ends starts an ethical problem in itself. The false theorists of nationality who cast to the winds their ethical sense are bound to lose their balance in the employment of wicked means to achieve their ends. In the unscrupulous employment of the means the ends are bound to be defeated. Every act that transgresses the ethical law is bound to react on itself. There can be thus no

finality of pacifism reached in the persevering transgression of the ethical laws.

Indians sunk in feminism may sometimes by the fascination of contraries be fatally attracted towards brutal militarism. But there is a robust, pacifism which alone should be able to advance India's salvation. It is the lesson of proportionate burdens and privileges. It is the necessary conviction and inspiration to advance its character to become fit to bear burdens before the privileges could be borne with safety.

P. R. KRISHNASAWMI, M. A.

Note. Mr. V. R. Venkataraman of the IV class opened the debate on "Militarism versus Pacifism" with Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami M. A., in the chair. Mr. Sreenivasaraghavan of the IInd class spoke on the side of Pacifism. Messrs A. V. Venkataramayyar M. A, L. T., A. Raghavayyar M. A. L. T., and T. K. Hanumantha Rao B. A. L. T., contributed to the discussion. The Society voted by an overwhelming majority in favour of Pacifism.

THOUGHTS ON CHARITY.

Charity may well be considered a virtue or a duty, an inner habit of mind or a rule of conduct; we recognise the need for it not only in our deeds and words but in the realm of thought and disposition. It is a subject of such fundamental and universal significance that a few reflections on it may not be out of place.

The supreme virtues according to Christianity are: faith, (*astikya*) hope (*mumukshutva*) and charity. The earlier and broader meaning of charity is love—love of God and love of neighbour, which form the foremost of the Ten commandments of the Jews. This commandment or duty of love is also most appropriately called humanity (humane-ity) the one distinctive virtue of man. Charity in this comprehensive sense of kindliness (Lat *carus*-dear), while based on faith and hope should also be regarded as including or fulfilling them; for only so does charity gain in purity and effectiveness. Love is 'blind' and fitful only when divorced from the guiding faith and the steadying hope. We are to love God as the source of all light; for it is the Lord who said 'Let there be light' and there was light. So too Tennyson says of Knowledge. "We trust it comes from thee, a beam in darkness: let it grow." Added to such faith, there is hope a persistent yearning towards liberation or salvation. Charity, thus supported, is undoutedly the one adequate endowment or virtue of all mankind.

Hence is no opposition in principle between charity and justice (or wisdom) the foremost Greek virtue. Justice as a rule requires to be supplemented by mercy in order that it may be justice, for bare justice is surely half injustice. What else is the significance of the Biblical saying 'judge not'? It is true that, so far as we do know, it is but a duty to judge; but we have also a duty to be humble and reverent and not presume to trespass into regions where we do not and cannot know. So then, as much when we venture to

judge as when we refrain from judging, our conduct should be the outcome of a pervading spirit or requirement of charity. So too in modern times. Benevolence, the modern equivalent of charity, is only 'justice tinged with emotion.' All virtues, therefore, especially the more pronouncedly social virtues, may be included in the supreme conception of charity or benevolence.

This earlier interpretation of charity as love leads us naturally to the later and more popular meaning of charity as a gift of some shape or other, say, feeding the poor or educating the illiterate. Genuine love goes forth in a gift—embodies itself in sacrifice of some form—as a spontaneons expression of itself. What infinite love is symbolised to us in the picture of 'Christ on the cross' or of the 'Madonna and the child'?

Now, turning to Arya sanatana dharma, we may discern the following supreme virtues: *Astikya* (faith or piety), *vairagya* (non-attachment to worldly pleasures), *mumukshutva* (hope or yearning towards liberation), *bhakti* (love) or *gnana* (wisdom) and *atma-nivedana* (self-sacrifice). Each *varna* (sect of people) or *asrama* (stage of life) has its own *dharma* (set of virtues or duties), and this *svadharma-acharana* (per-formance of one's own specific duties), when based on the first four of the above general virtues, will gradually mature into *nishkamakarma* (conduct without attachment or hankering) embodying the fifth and last, *viz*, self-sacrifice. The most central of these Aryan virtues may be said to be the same as in Christianity, namely, *bhakti* (love or devotion) based on the first three and issuing in self-sacrificing conduct.

Dharma is the foremost of the four *purushartas* (main objects of human endeavour). *Arta* (wealth) and *Kama* (animal pleasure), good in themselves, should be made subservient to *dharma*, *i. e*, be sacrificed at the altar of *dharma*, to secure *moksha* (final release). Or, more definitely, *bhakti* or *gnana* in the name of *dharma* issues

in sacrifice—sacrifice of *arta* and *kama*, *i. e*, sacrifice of the self that seeks to over-ride *dharma* in its quest for *arta* or *kama*. A self that seeks to assert itself as against the paramount claim of *dharma* should be put down unconditionally, as the root of all evil; for *sanatana dharma* points to such *nivedana* (offering or sacrifice) as the only secret of social as well as individual liberation. It would no doubt be doing violence to human nature to require eradication of *arta* and *kama*, two of the four main springs of human behaviour. We should rather regard them as legitimate objects of desire and should even deem it a duty to secure them provided they fall into line with and further the pursuit of *dharma* but only so far as they do so. Wealth for instance, is almost indispensable to render effective our 'good will' to an indigent man. So too *kama* or animal enjoyment may be quite purged of its grossness, if it be divested of the sting of selfishness and illegitimacy. It remains then that both *arta* and *kama* should stand as but offerings to *dharma*, in the way of self-discipline, of a soul yearning towards realisation in *bhakti* or *gnana*.

As we look at the different *varnas* and their appropriate *dharmas*, we find *dana* (or gift in some form, a *dharma* enjoined on all; not so other *dharmas*—say teaching, fighting, trading or agriculture. *Dana* seems also to be a more tangible and patent common *dharma* than others; for, the results of our not performing them seem more to effect the individual concerned than society as a whole, whereas the neglect of *dana* seems directly to aim at social well-being or stability. This importance of *dana* will be appreciated fully if, as before, we note how naturally and freely sincere devotion or love seeks to embody itself in the gift or sacrifice of the best in its possession.

It is also of interest here to observe how, like charity, the conception of *dharma* too has latterly and popularly come to be sometimes used as equivalent not to duty in general but to the duty of *dana* in particular.

We have so far come to regard the duty of gift or sacrifice as a spontaneous embodiment of love or devotion involving an unconditional offering of all other goods to its own realisation such that any distinction or reservation in respect of those goods would instantly turn them into insufferable evils. Charity in this sense of offering or sacrifice may assume infinite forms, for it is the most central theme in all experience, but a few of its typical forms may be indicated in connection with science, philosophy, religion and practical life.

Charity in the realm of science inculcates a spirit of reverent inquiry with due deference to the existing sciences or *sastras* and with a consciousness of the natural limitations of our experience and our reasoning capacity. It repudiates all arrogance of intellectual superiority and cultivates instead a generous spirit of tolerance. No truth can be merely sectarian or individualistic; if once the fundamentally social nature of truth be admitted, no mere dogmatic assertion or fanatic vituperation will be allowed sway in any subject of dispassionate systematic inquiry. It is said that no other country tolerates like India such a diversity of intellectual views or creeds; but we need apprehend no harm so long as the principle of *tolerance* itself is universally approved and embodied in our attitude to one another. In one word, tolerance and open-mindedness—a preparedness to see both sides of a question—are the universally acknowledged requirements of a scientific well-balanced temperament, and these qualities are obviously embodiments of the spirit of charity.

In the realm of philosophy, charity points to the sacrifice of all that conduces to pettiness egotism and self-centredness. Our eastern systems of philosophy insist on the expulsion of *ahankara* (I-ness) and *mamakara* (mine-ness) declaring them the root of all evil. Sacrifice, the main institution of the Vedic times, gets thoroughly spiritualised in philosophy into the conception of *atma-nivedana* (self-sacrifice). In consonance with this conception

of realisation through sacrifice, Reality is conceded to be thoroughly plastic and not as a stone wall baffling all chance of progress: We may refer to the Humanist view of reality and the Vedantist maxim: *yat-bhavam—tat-bhavati* (what is sought out it comes to be). Such a view of Reality makes for the best charity in the whole realm of metaphysical controversy, while also affording a secure theoretic basis for a life of devotion and service to God and man.

In the religious sphere charity stands for an attitude of trust towards the unseen, a steady equanimity and an even optimistic outlook on life buoying us up through all trials and temptations. Some of the virtues specially fostered by this attitude are: yearning towards liberation, otherworldliness, inwardness, piety, chastity, sincerity, simplicity and truthfulness. Quite as emphatically does charity protest against all self-advertisement or hankering after worldly power or fame or other aggrandisement.

Charity in practical life consists in the whole-hearted performance of the duties of one's station in society—neither a blind mechanical way of behaviour nor a carping, fault-finding and cynical mode of conduct. Here is no need to enter into the various duties which are as wide as humanity itself, though different duties gain emphasis in different situations in life. Note the range of duties indicated in the Hindu conception of *pancha-yagnas* (fivefold worship). It should be realised that duties are nowhere a matter of mere *contract*, and as long as they are so treated the root of moral endeavour gets more and more vitiated and we grow little and despicable. The appeal to the 'natural man' turns us into pure egotists and calculating machines, depriving us of all that is distinctively social and human. It is on the other hand supremely desirable that we should so come to enter into the spirit of those duties that, far from the sense of their being imposed on us, we should train ourselves spontaneously to love the end manifested in them. 'Duty for duty's sake' looks rather a

thankless task and also of a somewhat hollow nature, but to a sincere aspirant to practical goodness brings an immense relief from all worry and vexation, substituting gradually that tranquility or equanimity of temper (*samatva* or *chitta-suddhi*) which may well be regarded a foretaste of the blessing of liberation—the 'peace that passeth all understanding'.

If a positive grip on charity be considered rather impracticable, we can at least negatively point to certain spurious forms of it by way of caution. (*a*) Take charity as a trade or business-concern. Some people have no higher regard for charity than as a means of making money or even as a mere means of livelihood. They generally know quite well how to play on the charitable inclinations of others, but in their own case they are definitely hardened. Human perversity turns an end into a means, vilifies and discredits a sacred duty by demeaning it into a mere time-serving affair. The consequence is that *adharma* parades as *dharma*, rampant avarice passes off as enthusiastic charity. We can most of us recall in our own localities certain self-appointed collectors on behalf of ostensible charities going round hat in hand periodically to collect what they can by all means from mostly indifferent subscribers. They must be admittedly clever and capable collectors, and it is no wonder if they generally pocket to themselves part of the 'earnings' of their own ingenuity and perseverence. All men's business is fairly no man's business; hence the impracticability of any effective check over these adventurers, though generally a spirit of sincere public service would go a great way to mitigate this evil and even soon to put an end to it.

Sometimes a moiety of ill-begotten profits is spent on temples, choultries or other charities as a sort of palliative for the sin attaching to such illegitimate and dubious acquisitions. How are we to regard such a procedure except as a resort to bribing, bribing in a way. Divinity too so that He may not be hard on a 'business-like'

devotee? Sometimes also, any sort of association with a charity-movement tends to be taken as conferring a claim to recognition, irrespective of the nature of the relation—say, as a paid manager or servant of such an organisation. Or again, some may grow so warm over the good, say, of insurance concerns as to regard them a form of charity, but it may be fairly asked whether any such concern was started directly as a form of charity or only as a piece of practically sound business speculation. From an ethical point of view we cannot help pondering whether and how far the work of an insurance movement, in addition to securing its own financial stability, proves better than the proverbial robbing of Peter to pay Paul.

(*b*) So too charity may be taken as an entertainment. Balls, concerts and theatrical performances in aid of charities must to a certain extent be declared rather 'mixed.' A well-known writer on ethics points out how 'deplorable' the charity is in such cases. He quotes from *Faust*: 'Lo, now, what double gains your deed requite! you show compassion and you take delight.' He also adds: "I must confess that this union of amusement and 'charity' seems to me an extreemly sad sign of the times." "(Paulsen p. 647.) Such adulteration of charity, though permissible and even laudable as just the thing to do in certain situations, can hardly satisfy the purist in morals; and it is highly desirable that we should try to render our charities as noble, pure and dignified as possible, for otherwise we may be more or less detracting from the sacredness and majesty of true charity.

(*c*) Charity, though not mixed up with either gain or pleasure, may still be perverted by prejudices. It is a prejudice, for instance, that certain classes or individuals have absolutely no claim to our sympathy and co-operation. There can be, of course, no justification of such prejudices, though as a matter of fact we do practically restrict our charities in most cases to certain classes or communities specifically. A persistent effort at fighting such prejudices

is most desirable in the realm of moral judgments. We may cite the classical instance of Emperor Sibi who succoured a dove by offering in its stead the flesh of his own body.

(*d*) Charity may also be ruled by fanaticism. Some people resort to lavish expenditure and pampering in the name of charity, of maintaining and adding to a most undesirable parasitic set of people without a scruitiny into the preponderant evils of such a form of charity. An overdose of the religious element in charity issues in fanaticism tending to warp the judgment of the devotee. Here again we recognise an evil to be warded off by a maturer moral judgment.

(*e*) Or again charity may remain a sort of fashion or craze. Some people believe they must follow suit because so many other people are in the run for such and such an alleged 'charity'. This attitude can at the best give no more than a sentimental satisfaction and a soothing effect on one's nerves as to the future. Nowhere in the whole realm of morals can we afford simply to follow in the footsteps of others without making a genuine endeavour to get a clear vision of right and wrong. There is a duty underlying our intellect also imperatively calling on us to widen our mental horizon or outlook, otherwise our love of the good is a force indeed.

Next to realising the essential inwardness and purity of charity, organisation of effort is the one need especially in our 'land of charity'. Spasmodic individual effort can go but a little way. It might even do more harm than good. Any mere indulgence in the sentiment of charity results only in encouraging the formation of a class or caste of mendicants without opening out to them any definite or desirable road to livelihood. It can be no pride to contribute to the swelling of the already large class of beggars in India. It is our imperative duty, on the other hand, to rid the country of mere parasites, transmitting the would-be beggars as far as possible into self-respecting,

industrious and useful members of society. This is true charity and can be approached only through efficient organisation, intelligently studying the causes of distress, finding work for the unemployed and helping those in need. Such corporate systematic help will do real good, provided also the organisation be not allowed to degenerate into a mere playing into the hands of a few cunning self-seeking villains. The constituent members of such a movement should steadily aim at fostering in the recipient a sense of self-respect and independence and not an attitude of cringing, flattering and cowardly dependence.

The various forms of charity require intelligent adjustment to the needs of society now and here. Social service (Kainkarya) consists neither in a violent proselytism as missionary endeavour sometimes assumes nor in a supine quasi-religious indifference to the welfare of others as is often seen in certain ascetic or pseudo-ascetic temperaments. While both are admittedly extremes, genuine service consists in an intelligent sacrifice of one's energy and resources to the development of a straight-forward, godfearing and kind-hearted humanity in all persons including oneself. Some of the main channels of service may be indicated: physical necessities of life such as food, shelter and clothing; media of material well-being such as capital and labour; sources of animal enjoyment such as fine sights and pleasant sounds, including sources of relief from illness or disease such as hospitals; personal care, comfort or companionship; and media of education or enlightenment such as scholarships, libraries, colleges, workshops or other institutions—social, political and religious, so far as they are liberalising agencies.

Of these varieties the most immediately tangible is of course the first (*anna-dan*), but charity of the highest and most durable form has always consisted in the last, viz., *vidya-dana* or education of the right type. Deservedly is the teacher (*guru*) ranked higher than the parents and almost on a pedastal with Divinity. All satisfaction of the

stomach is an external and transient process, whereas in the realm of education our one aim seems to be to arouse a lively sense of dissatisfaction so that this sense of want may serve to determine in the fullness of time its own intrinsic and appropriate satisfaction. However paradoxical it may appear, the best education consists in inducing the 'recipient' as far as possible to stand on his own legs in securing all he needs and not be absolutely dependent on any mere external source of light or of strength. In Tennyson's words, "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control these three alone lead life to sovereign power." Such is the outcome of education, the highest type of charity. But again let us beware that charity in education aims at any form of aggrandisement or power. Charity is its own reward and so does not aim at anything else than its own fulness. In one word, we may say that charity in education means an education in charity and in the fulness of charity every other good in life will also be 'added unto us'.

A. RAGHAVAYYAR M.A. L.T.

THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT

BY

LILIAN LOVELETTA.

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CHAPTER VII.

A Drunken Revel.

A cold and dismal night in the wintry month of December! A thick fog had muffled the village of Mabaral, faintly veiling some stray stars which peeped through the moonless sky, and causing a deep shiver in the scantily covered peasants who had huddled themselves by hearths to escape the biting cold.

At about eight in the night, a lantern with a ghastly pallor issued out from the mansion, and flitted through the pepper-vines into the fields. Far, far it went in the deserted darkness. No sound emanated from any cottage. The village lay in slumber.

"Not a light is visible from the house!" whispered the figure that followed the lantern.

"Karman is wise, my lord, and does not wish any prying eye to seek the mysteries of his house," rejoined the lantern bearer.

"And I hope Karman has not closed his eyes too!" remarked the other.

They stepped on the verandah of the house. A low rap—one, two; and the doors parted revealing the features of Karman.

"Welcome! my lord," exclaimed he, "Everything was ready for your lordship long ago."

"Good," murmured my lord in appreciation.

"And I little doubt that Karman has not refreshed himself with the bottle to carry him through the long period of patient waiting," remarked his companion.

Karman did not care to contradict that he had wetted his lips, and without more ado he, straight way, introduced Kumaran, the young lord of Mabaral, and Keshab, the trusted minister of his lordship, to a well-lighted room, the sight of which produced a marked sensation in their eyes.

In the centre of the room stood a table literally groaning with various dishes. Half-a-dozen bottles of the richest produce of France stood on the table. Brandy, wine and other drinks sparkled within. Some glasses of various sizes were distributed about in artistic confusion, while beautiful plates bearing pyramids of roasted venision, and others brimming with savoury stews were laid in graceful order.

Kumaran sank into a chair, and contemplated in complacence the table and the viands. Keshab looked on with ravenous appetite, while Karman flung a glance of consciousness of his superior skill, at the seated pair.

"Fall to!" was the command of Kumaran.

The empty glasses lost their colour into the richest hue of the red; the pyramids of Egypt began to disappear into the central provinces of India; and conversation was forgotten in the first moment of vigorous attack.

After some minutes the attack relaxed; and Kumaran broke the silence.

"You have beaten my highest hopes Karman!" said he.

"Confess, my lord, that never in your college days were you entertained with such an array of tempting dishes," remarked Karman elated by the compliment.

"And was I not right in counselling your lordship to forsake your college for the luxuries at home?" put in Keshab, evidently resenting the encomiums showered on Karman. The latter, however, did not quite appreciate his friend's remark.

"Karman needs not to remind your lordship that it was he who deterred you from the yearly exile," said Karman gravely.

"Well, well, you have performed your part worthily. The drink is excellent, and the dishes are—" Kumaran stopped, evidently putting his statement to the proof.

"Hextra-excellent! my lord," broke in Karman in whom the wine was producing quite undesirable effects.

"Yes, I admit, but—" stopped Kumaran once more.

"But the dishes are not over-delicious," said Keshab who thought that my lord intended to damn his friend with faint praise.

"Oh! no, to me at least they are very very delicious, indeed hextra-excellent, Karman!" exclaimed Kumaran enthusiastically.

Keshab was cowed to silence; he had miscalculated his master's mind.

"But what I wanted was to call your attention to the fact, Karman, that you have not performed the second part of your promise," continued Kumaran.

"Your lordship's servant stands before you; command him, and he is ready to execute anything, anything!" he replied with an emphasis that indicated the sobriety of the mind. The intonation grew more husky; and only with difficulty could my lord grasp him.

"Listen, Karman! Three months ago you promised to assign the most charming creature to my arms. Since then, you know with what little success you have fulfilled my ardent longing. Many a time and often I have watched her with a tumultous heart; but never did she appear so ravishing, so enchanting as this evening. Myself and Keshab had been wandering in the woods; it grew late, and as we were about to strike into the path leading to Mahadev's house, whom else did I see except that lovely maiden? She was returning after a bath, with her maid following at a distance. We darted into a bush; and unseen watched the advancing form. How ineffably charming she looked! I could hardly control myself! I thought I would run mad! I longed to fly to her, and cover those

tempting cheeks with burning kisses! I emerged from the bush almost resolved; but as I looked on either side, there was my evil genius Sahadev!"

"It was'nt I, my lord," said Karman uneasily, "Who promised to achieve the conquest for you. It was Keshab."

"Yes, my lord," rejoined Keshab, "Karman assigns the palm to me when he feels no pride in assigning it to himself. You know what little success attended our adventure, owing to the perfidious cowardice of this drunken fool, who, at the slightest pain caused by a lad's blow, took to heals and left me alone."

Karman gnashed his teeth in rage at the insults heaped on him, and roared:

"By Heavens! this fellow speaks the truth! Repeat those words, and—" Karman began to search for a suitable weapon.

"Hold your tongue, you drunken brute!" exclaimed Keshab in supreme contempt.

"Who-so-ever says I'm zrunk utters a lie!" and as he swung his arm to strike Keshab, the fellow lost his balance and fell heavily on the floor. And although he could not rise from that pitiable posture he dealt sundry blows and kicks to the nearest chairs, probably presuming that they were some organs of Keshab. With difficulty the latter helped the prostrate enemy to his feet, and deposited him on a chair, though all the time the tipsy fellow gesticulated frantically. Finally he screamed "You'r zrunk my feller; you'r zrunk. Tomorrow! tomorrow!" and he dashed a cup into his throat, and simultaneously closed his eyes murmuring "tomorrow".

My lord broke into a wild fit of laughter at the unexpected piece of comedy to which he was entertained, and pledged Keshab in a series of bumpers of good wine. Gradually his mind veered to the subject of the animated scene.

"How shall we get rid of my evil genius Sahadev? But for your intercession I could have got the fellow dismissed that very day; and now see how he turns up on every occasion between myself and Sarojini," said Kumaran.

"Don't you know, my lord, Sahadev has been promised the hand of Sarojini?" asked Keshab.

"If so, the worse for me. Now he will jealously guard her!" exclaimed Kumaran.

"There is no use of getting the man dismissed now; I am sure Mahadev is rich enough to maintain his son-in-law. Besides, is it not to our own advantage that Sarojini should have a husband so that—"

"Ah! I see!" exclaimed Kumaran, "But of what use is he to us if Sarojini does not come willingly to my arms."

"That is exactly what has been revolving in my mind for the last few days. In the south of the village, just at the foot of a hill, lives an old hag noted for her drugs and potions which are reputed for their efficacy in cases of love. Let me consult her; and I am sure that our efforts will not be futile. But it may take time!"

"How you raise my hopes, Keshab. How glad I am to possess such a resourceful servant!" rejoined my lord.

And thus the orgy continued.

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In the twilight of the dawn the peasants wended their way to work in the chilling fields. As some neared the hillock on which rose the manor house wrapped in silence, they descried two forms at the foot, and hurried to the spot. Two men were lying prostrate in a wretched plight. A broken lantern lay at a distance.

"My lord, my lord!" they tried to awaken Kumaran.

"Bewty!" he murmured.

"Keshab, Keshab!"

"Yes, my lord!" he responded feebly, and opening his eyes dreamily closed them again.

Finding their efforts useless, a couple of men carried Kumaran to his bed-chamber, and Keshab to a neighbouring cottage where he was treated to a heavy shower-bath.

CHAPTER VIII

Matrimony.

ON the verandha of the lordly house of Mabaral was seated Balsivan on an easy chair, as was his custom every morning. At a respectful distance stood two gentlemen, their dress denoting a moderate rank. They were messengers from the lord of Ragmar, a wealthy nobleman dwelling a dozen miles away from Mabaral.

The object of their visit was to form a matrimonial alliance between the noble houses of Ragmar and Mabaral. Janardan, the lord of Ragmar, had a beautiful and accomplished daughter named Liela. And who could be a worthier match for her than the handsome Kumaran of the proud house of Mabaral?

Tradition says that a young man of decades past had to travel far and wide to find a suitable match for himself! such was the rarity of maidens! But now the tables are turned. A father with half-a-dozen daughters has to spend a large sum in fetching worthy husbands for them, and is the first to make advances to the parents of a budding youth.

Janardan was anxious to secure the hand of a worthy youth for his blooming daughter. Liela was certainly not an ugly shrew. It was rumoured abroad that she was of the fairest type, and that her mental accomplishments were of the highest; nor did report belie the fact. But it is not often that equal matches are formed; and long before she grew to maidenhood, her father had set his eyes on Kumaran as her future partner in life. Janardan sounded the lord of Mabaral through a mutual friend

and was highly delighted to find that his wishes would be gratified. Accordingly he sent two messengers to the nobleman to move the matter formally.

"Not that I have any objection to the alliance;" resumed Balsivan. "But would it not be better to postpone the marriage a year or two. Kumaran is hardly twentythree."

"But the daughter of my lord is already sixteen; and his lordship intimated to us expressly that he would be very glad if the wedding could be celebrated this year itself," said one of them humbly.

"What about the horoscopes? I believe they are in complete accordance with each other?" asked Balsivan.

"Yes, my lord," replied one rather nervously. "The famous astrologer, Kochu Krishna Panikkar of Palghat was consulted"

"And his opinion?" asked Balsivan.

"Is quite favourable, my lord. Indeed he remarked that the conjunction of stars had never been so favourable as in these two horoscopes," was the bold reply.

"Kochu Krishna Panikkar is indeed a far-famed astrologer," remarked Balsivan.

A famous astrologer indeed! He opined that Liela's horoscope could ill match Kumaran's, that the prospective alliance was wrought with danger, perhaps even the death of Kumaran! and he changed his view when Janardan laughingly told him that astrology was a bundle of superstitious fallacies, and slipped into his hand a well-filled purse in aid of his remark. Thus it came about that Liela's horoscope was completely changed by the able and crafty astrologer.

"Well then, it shall be as your lord desires," said Balsivan.

The marriage was settled.

The news soon transpired through the household to the ears of Kumaran. He was wrathful when he heard that

the matter was settled without a word of consultation with the principal personage of the intended union. That it could be so was highly repugnant to the english-educated youth. What! to be yoked in wedlock without a word to himself, to minister to the whim and caprice of a father who could not stoop to take his feelings into consideration, to be tied to one whose face he had never seen, and whose virtues he was unacquainted with,—no, no, this could never be! He would not submit to this tyranny.

At about three in the evening Balsivan, accompanied by Taraka, repaired to the son's room. Kumaran rose from the chair respectfully, and walked out.

"Stop, my boy! I have to communicate to you joyful intelligence. Your marriage has been settled!" exclaimed Balsivan in glee little expecting that his son would display any other feeling than sheer delight.

"Indeed!" rejoined Kumaran bitterly.

The father felt uneasy at the tone of the youth.

"You need entertain no fear about the intended bride. She is fair, virtuous, dutiful, and endowed, I am told, with a thousand accomplishments. I am sure you will lead a happy life, my lucky young dog!" said Balsivan coolly evading the irony of his son.

"I do not care father whether she be a saint or a devil," remarked the youth angrily.

"What! my wayward son! I am not accustomed to such a tone. What do you mean by your insolence sir? Is she not to be married to you?" exclaimed the irate father.

"Married! Married!" echoed Kumaran with a sneer.

"And dare you tell me that you will not obey my behests, that you will not wed the maiden of my choice?" retorted the angry father.

"Better to leave the choice in the hands of those who are primarily concerned, than others who have only a passing interest in the matter," said the youth coolly.

Balsivan coloured, stung to the quick.

"Impertinent wretch!" cried he, "You will not obey your father? Nay you would taunt him with vile words? English education! English education! My God! I never knew hitherto how far it had spoiled our young men! To don the habits of christian untouchables, to rebel against those who had given him birth, to look down upon our people as ignorant fools, our rites as superstitious beliefs, our customs as meaningless and antiquated fooleries, to lose faith in our religion, and what is more dismaying, to forget our father's Gods!—"

"Why blame english education father?—" interrupted Kumaran.

"Peace!" shouted Balsivan. "What else is the cause of this arrogance? We never heard such things in our time. Impudent fool! did I marry your mother after my own desire? Did my father beg and consult me to marry Taraka, the woman of his choice? And was my father a fool, sir, not to have asked my sweet pleasure in arranging the alliance. And I out of kindness to the fellow just hint to him that I have formed a suitable match for him; and he rebels against my authority! Ungrateful dog! You shall see what it is to disregard the wishes of a father. I give you a day's time—to assent to the proposal, or to quit the paternal home!" Saying so he strode out of the room, cursing the whole world.

"Dearest child!" pleaded Taraka, her hand playing fondly on her son's locks. "Dearest child, do not anger your aged father. He is inflexible in his purpose; and your obstinacy will be frought with serious consequences. For your beloved mother's sake, consent to the alliance."

"No! mother, I will not consent to the proposal. I will not be a mere tool! I will rather suffer the consequences than seal my unhappiness, by wedding one whom I have never seen!"

"Child, child!" gently chid the mother. "You know not what you say. But, tell me what you want in a wife. Beauty? Virtue? Wealth? Why, these are united in Liela."

"Please leave me mother for the present. I shall meet you soon," said Kumaran brutally.

And Taraka left the room with a heavy heart.

Late in the evening, as Karman and Keshab joined their lord, they were surprised to find him despondent, and vainly looked for a cause. What could have happened to prostrate the spirits of the ever-cheerful gallant?

They exchanged significant looks, but reminded of a similar espisode some months back, feared to open a conversation, and stood silent.

"Tomorrow I leave my paternal home—perhaps for ever; and as you will have nought to do with me after my departure, you may let me ruminate alone over my sorrows." Kumaran broke the silence.

"My lord! you cannot know how every word is a barbed arrow to our heart. Depart from home! What has turned up my lord?" exclaimed Karman.

Both of them were astounded at his words. Kumaran to be turned out of the house! Why, that day would knell the death of avaricious desires, and ambitious hopes of Karman and Keshab. No! Kumaran should not leave Mabaral at any cost, come what it may.

"My marriage is settled, to which I am averse. Hence my exile."

"And what objections, pray, can your lordship have to such a marriage?" Karman asked slowly.

"Objection!" echoed Kumaran. "How am I to know whether the woman, who is to be my partner in life, is a witch or a devil?"

"The name of the lady? My lord," asked Keshab.

"They say, Liela, Liela of Ragmar," replied Kumaran, with a contemptuous twist of the lips.

"Indeed? Are you sure, my lord, that she is the far-famed beauty of Ragmar?" Keshab asked breathlessly.

Kumaran's face changed.

"I was told that she was Liela, the daughter of the lord of Ragmar. But, do you know of her, man?" asked Kumaran.

"Do I know!" exclaimed Keshab in most artless tones. "Who does not know of Lady Liela, the pride of Ragmar? Who has not heard of her beauty rivalling that of Uma, her songs rivalling those of the *Kokil*, her accomplishments vying with those of an Usha?"

"Don't jabber deliberate lies," remarked Kumaran withal pleased.

"But ask anybody, my lord," protested Keshab. "I tell you sincerely, my lord, that a worthier match cannot be found. If you have cast off the offer of her hand, I deeply deplore it."

"No, the marriage is settled. But is she as charming as Sarojini?" asked Kumaran.

"Sarojini!" echoed Keshab contemptuously. "You ask, my lord, whether the moon is as beautiful as the star, whether the swan is as charming as the crow! What is Sarojini? a simple, plane, rustic—"

"Do not belittle her beauty, please," interrupted Kumaran.

"If Sarojini is beautiful, I wonder what expression would do justice to the other!" remarked Karman.

"Ha! Keshab, you have saved me once more from paternal displeasure. How thankful I feel to you."

And Karman and Keshab exchanged looks of joy!

CHAPTER IX

The Wedding.

A day in April never dawned so bright as the one, the events of which are to be narrated in the present chapter. Whether it borrowed its charms from the castle-like clouds of fleecy hue, or from the blithe hearts of the simple rustics, it is difficult to say. But the peasantry donned the holiday garbs; and on every lip was the smile of joy.

What then, was the occasion of such universal rejoicing in Mabaral? What caused those toiling hands to be stretched forth without care and misery? What caused those hardy faces which rarely relaxed their sorrowful expression to be flushed with smiles? That day would find a comrade united to a sweet sister; on that day would be solemnised the nuptials of Sahadev and Sarojini.

For, Mahadev, unlike other fathers, had realised that it was in vain to place barriers between the union of two hearts which had sealed their destiny in mutual kisses. And though he had some scruples in bestowing the hand of his daughter on a mere adventurer, yet the beauty, the nobility and the virtues of that youth who had rendered so signal a service spoke so eloquently in his favour, that it was with sincere joy he assented to the marriage of the loving couple.

Where was Sahadev? The usages of the country required the bridegroom to start from his house, at the auspicious hour, in procession to the bride's. Accordingly Sahadev who had no home at Mabaral, thankfully accepted the kind courtsey of Velan, and took up his abode at the latter's There he dwelt—his heart in wild tumult. He had thought the fruit was hung too high for him; and now the prospect of possessing the adored and the worshipped Sarojini who was to share his fortune in the sunshine of felicity or the wintry blasts of adversity, filled his heart

with an undefinable sensation. It would be the crown of his life to lead his tender darling through the prosperous paths of felicity, but if misfortune should overtake him!—he dispelled the thought with a shudder.

Far among the groves, Sahadev discerned curls of smoke rising up to heaven, bearing, perhaps, the message of his love to the four quarters of the globe. Would they waft to him the feelings of his beloved?

She enjoyed little rest that day. Her heart revelled in hopes of happiness, and in anticipation of enjoyment. But a score of matrons had taken possession of the house, and tormented her with quaint questions. What kind of dress would suit her best? Broad-laced fineries and delicately worked jewels, or thinlaced ones, and massive ornaments? Some maintained the former, some the latter; while all communed with their inmost hearts, on the dresses that would show themselves to the best.

Outside the cottage, grand preparations for the night were being made. At the back, a temporary open air kitchen had been erected. Savoury curries steamed on the hearths. A dozen cooks with anxious faces hurried hither and thither; and many a hand busied itself with deep assiduity. Facing the house a spacious pandal had been raised. Village artists were busy with decorating the house; and Mahadev was omnipresent.

The inmost sanctuary of the house, where the ceremony was to take place, was tastefully adorned with a variety of gay, lustrous ferns. In the centre of the room silver trays of *Kalapha* and fragrant perfumes stood. *Pansupari* gracefully laid in shining vases were interspersed; and wreaths of sweet-scented flowers fluttered picturesquely against a gay, though not gorgeous, canopy overhead.

The bridal procession started for Mahadev's at about nine in the night. It was composed of the neighbouring farmers and peasants dressed, in the simple fashion of rustics, in pure white. Gay and trim they looked, fresh from the bath; and the hair braided in elegant knots on

the back contrasted gracefully with the snow-white dress. There was Sahadev distinguished from the rest by the laced clothes, and distinguished no less by his noble bearing and beauty of person. There was Velan, the poor, the wronged Velan, walking beside his friend with a joyful face forgetful of his recent sufferings. There too was the peasantry of the village, speaking gaily of pleasant things; and though formal wishes and blessings were not given yet betokened, by their smiles and faces, speechless messages of prosperity and happiness to the principal person of the day.

Nature, too, seemed to rejoice in witnessing the scene. A mellow moon lying serenely on a pile of downy clouds shed a soft flood of light tinting the whole village with a silver lustre, and stealing into the hearts of the simple peasantry. The little stars seemed to twinkle brighter, and a gentle breeze played amongst the dancing bushes.

Some fifty yards from off the house of Mahadev, the procession was met by a small party from the bride's, and was escorted with lights and smiles. Strains of music welcomed them as they approached. An accomplished musician was singing in harmonious cadence, the triumphal entry of Rama with his beautiful bride Sita, amidst the acclamations of the people of Ayodhya. "And fourteen years of banishment?" murmured Sahadev in vague fear.

His musings ceased on entering the Pandal which shone with decorations and lights. On the floor were laid mats of reed on which they took their seat. Rose-water was sprinkled over them in profusion; and perfumed was the balmy air. With *Kalapha* they anointed the forehead and chest; and genial warmth and cordiality prevailed in the vast assembly.

Soon the appointed hour was announced; and the party started for the inmost sanctuary of the house, where the wedding was to take place. On a beautiful carpet, surrounded by elderly-looking matrons stood Sarojini—her eyes downcast in bashful timidity. Yet Sahadev knew

that she was looking at him through the corners of her eyes; and taking her hand affectionately, yet not passionately, he slipped a ring on her finger, and received another in return.

In the meantime the dining halls were laid with plantain leaves, and reed mats of various hues. As soon as the other ceremonial rites were gone through, the bridal began. Let it not be supposed that it was a treat worshiping Bacchus, and attended by Hebe. Not a drop of spirits sparkled in any cup. But it was a sumptuous dinner consisting of a variety of purely vagetarian dishes.

Once more there was a gathering at which *pansupari* played a prominent part. Genial conversation, and pleasant banterings of humour flashed freely. At about twelve in the night, a youth slipped from the house, and whispered a few words into the ears of Velan. The latter stood up, and exclaimed "It is late, my masters! Shall we go to bed? Sahadev, it is high time for you to go to rest." The latter part he delivered with a sly look at the bridegroom. There was a general titter; and Sahadev glanced uneasily like a coy maid.

Sahadev was then conducted as far as the nuptial chamber. He advanced into the room; and near the massive stead of piled cushions she stood with expectant eyes.

"Sarojini! now, you are mine!"

"Yes," she murmured.

And on those cheeks suffused with tender blushes, he imprinted a lingering kiss.

"Darling! don't you repent of having married me!" he whispered.

Her lips pouted in gentle reproach.

CHAPTER X.

Kamala.

AN outcast! Yea, an outcast! Do you realize who? Not the man in a world-wide city where next-door neighbours are strangers to each other; not the courageous person who can seek refuge in the furthest corner of the world, and be at rest; not he who rolls in wealth, and defies and outcastes society itself, if need be; but a fair and tender female, scarcely past her teens, with no father, mother, brother, or sister, with not even an endearing hand to cling to, with no support save the scanty bounty of a cruel father-in-law, with no strength or resource to fly from her narrow village to a better and happier place.

Life of woe and misery! Life of galling ignominy! To be shunned like a leper, to be a target of scorn and bitterness, to live an exile in one's own home, to be denied the sweet consolation of friendly intercourse, to be doomed to a life-long shame—these were the humiliating feelings that smote the heart of poor Kamala.

And why?

As a little girl of ten, she was married, rather betrothed, to a sickly lad of the village. Three years later he died. Little did the child of thirteen relize, as she donned the widow's weeds, that the sunshine of her life had fled!

Years passed; and she bloomed into a fresh and lovely woman. She saw her less-beautiful companions happy in their husbands' caresses. All the instincts of the wife and the mother surged through her heaving bosom.

At this time she chanced to meet a gay, dashing youth of handsome exterior. As days went on, those meetings grew more frequent. Acquaintanceship soon ripened into friendship; friendship into intimacy; and she fell an easy victim to the thoughtless gallant.

Too late she discovered her crime; she was on the way to become a mother! Concealment was useless; and she became the scorn of Mabaral.

Then came those days of shame and sorrow, of gibes and jeers, of the taunts and vile abuses of a mother-in-law at home, of the pointing finger, and sneering faces abroad. The hoary heads of her caste assembled in public meeting, submitted her to an indignant and painful trial, and finally adjudged her to be ousted from society. And he, the perpetrator of the crime, he belonged to a lower caste, and escaped scot-free!

Ah! yes; man may commit any atrocity, however vile, with impunity, and show his face before the world, without a blush. He may dally with the affections of confiding hearts, or may seduce fragile creatures to paths of dishonour. He may frequent the dens of infamy specially created to pander to his brutal passions, or lead a life most shameful and degrading. Society has no rigours for him! But the weak and tender woman, whose very name is frailty, who is forced to surrender her honour to the persuasive smiles and arts of man—she is hunted out to death by society, or compelled to drag a weary existence with the halter of eternal shame round her neck!

The Indian widow—except of a few castes—is bound to be true to the memory of her departed husband, and to lead an austere life of fasting and penance. Or she is outcasted. But the widower—he is fettered by no such obligation to the memory of his wife; and no sooner does the period of mourning elapse, than is he permitted to lead home in triumphant procession another bride, and resume the golden thread of life.

But to proceed with the story of Kamala.

Unwillingly, the mother-in-law attended her through her most painful trial; fortunately or not, the child of shame died at its very birth; and within a couple of months a small cottage raised its head amidst the secluded woods

of the northern hill of Mabaral to welcome the degraded and humiliated Kamala, for its future inmate.

Then was unfolded to her the tragedy of the life she was bound to lead. She could go out into the village only to feel the burden of her life more heavy. For days and days she wept. She scarcely knew to reconcile herself to the sequestered spot.

But within a month she grew accustomed to pass her days without a murmur. Nay more, a love, a peculiar attachment sprang up between her and the surroundings. For hours and hours together would she wander through the forest, looking fondly at the trees and creepers, following with her eyes the retreating forms of rabbits or deers she had startled, or gazing long and intensely into the rugged ravine.

A generation passed away. In the meanwhile, the estimation of Kamala in the village underwent a change. Women who had been to the forest for fuel or manure used to relate how they had seen at times her tall form regarding them with eyes flashing hatred, or heard her demoniac laugh or wild ringing songs. Simultaneously ran another report that she was in possession of *mantras* which could cure dangerous diseases. Instances of patients having been snatched from the clutches of death, by Kamala's *mantras* were not wanting. And conflicting stories as to how she acquired these charms were many. But the most popular was, that one hot noon, she found a *sanyasin*, on the road not far from her house, almost dying for water; and that for her timely succour, he showed his gratitude by imparting to her some of the most powerful *mantras*, and recipes of medicine.

Four and thirty years had passed since she took her abode in that lonely forest. Time had laid its hand unevenly on her person. Her face was furrowed with deep wrinkles; but a pair of brilliant eyes shone in them with undimmed lustre. Her form was tall and commanding, unbent by age; but her hair was white, as white as the

soft balls of cotton which bursting out from the legumen sported in the sylvan breeze.

And now in the approaching evening, she sat in her cottage with hands busily bundling the little twigs she had gathered for fuel, in the forest. As she plunged deeply into the work, her thoughts shaped themselves and burst forth into a song:

Through cottage chink the early morn
  Flows in a fountain bright;
And all the myriad atoms born
  Whirl in the slanting light.
Youths' golden gleam! Of revelry
And songs and dance and jubilee!
  One moment, only one;
And then to quiver and to leap—
Leaving the darkness doubly deep—
  Into the radiant sun.

With baby eyes and melting look
  The maiden lures her love;
Nor rest the linked lips do brook
  Save in the sweetest vow.
And in youths' 'lysian bliss they scorn
And laugh at age and every crone!
  Dance on! dance on with zest;
And when to age and wrinkles grown,
Then sob and sigh and grieve and grone,
  And rend the lonely breast.

"Well sung! mother," exclaimed a voice from behind. It was that of Keshab.

She turned towards him with a snarl.

"Only well sung?" she rejoined.

Keshab felt the question to be very odd. He did not know what she was driving at.

"Your voice is remarkably sweet for one of your age," replied Keshab. And as another thought struck him, he added, "Well, that is my impression."

"My voice sweet!" broke in Kamala with a bitterness which galled the hearers. "Pray, add that it rivals that of the *Kokil*, and that my beauty outshines that of a celestial being."

Instinctively her fingers ran over her throat. Perhaps the thoughts of her once beautiful form flitted through her breast.

"I did not say that; nor did I think it a crime to tell you what I felt about your song," he answered a little ruffled.

"Dost thou think I have yet to learn what flattery is? that I have yet to realize that speech is the expression of deliberate falsehood," she asked, every syllable resonant with scorn.

Keshab grew desperate over convincing the woman of the sincerity of his words, and found that silence was indeed golden on such occasion.

"But who is the man behind you?" asked Kamala.

"The future lord of Mabaral!" replied he, much relieved by the question.

She rose and confronted him with a look of suspicion and mistrust.

"And what does the young lord want with me? To turn me out of doors, or perhaps—" she could hardly conjecture.

"Not to turn you out, but to make you happy. Woman, you lead a miserable life in this hovel, a life of hand-to-mouth living. My lord would make your last years a period of comfort, if not plenty!"

"Since my father-in-law's death, it has truly been a struggle for me to live. My lord would make my last years secure from starvation?" She asked dubiously.

"Yes, his lordship would!"

Kumaran remained a passive listener.

"He would, really?" she repeated and broke into a scornful laughter. "But when did man part with money save for selfish advantage, for respect from his fellow men, or for fame and renown abroad? Yes, I would be amply paid if I could profit my lord. Is it not even so?" she asked in cruel simplicity.

"No, no; only a small service need you render; but ample shall be the recompense," came the response.

"Give me leave to judge of the greatness of the service or of the reward myself. But tell me the nature of the help you need," she demanded.

"Provided you swear secrecy," said Keshab.

"Aye, I thought so; and is it not a matter of love?"

"Nothing of the sort; you shall not pump me," said Keshab decidedly.

"I swear never to divulge it to any human being," she yielded.

"It is case of love." Keshab stopped.

Kamala waited silently for the rest.

"Come closer!" said Keshab, and whispered long into her ears.

Slowly a gleam of intelligence shone on her dark countenance.

"No! I cannot do that, even though you may offer me a diadem. Do you think I have forgotten my past life, its sorrow and shame? Do you think I would lead a person to the same hell, the ignominy of which I have tasted?" she asked.

"Stop! let us fully understand!" cried Keshab, and once more he pleaded long in whispers. All the time Kumaran watched them with an anxious countenance.

At last a smile of satisfaction brightened her face.

"And the reward?" she asked.

"If you succeed fully," said Kumaran, "Have no fear that a niggard hand shall reward you. You shall have an allowance every month. Meantime, take this as an earnest." and he slipped some coins into her hands.

"But do not be too hopeful of success, my lord. Above all, to accomplish the task it may require days, if not months" she said.

And the two took leave of her.

CHAPTER XI.

The Wedded Life.

NEVER were two souls more happy than the fond couple—Sahadev and Sarojini. More than half-a-year had passed since the day of their blissful union; and yet neither time nor possession could chill the charms they felt for each other. She was expanding into a fine woman; yet time wrought no change in her girlish graces, or buoyant happiness. How could she, the tender, the blithe Sarojini, feel the cares of growing womanhood, the responsibility of a wedded life, or the sins and shames of a wicked world, when she dwelt in a paradise created by her radiating presence, and moved in her little domain uncontaminated by sorrow, and unapproached by sin? No there was never a murmur on her lips, an angry expression on her countenance, or a tear in her eyes. Far from it. She flitted through the house and garden, like an innocent butterfly of gorgeous colours leading a life of perpetual dances. Her merry voice rang in the groves sending forth a silvery tinkle over the distant meadows; her joyous laugh pealed in harmonious strains; and though she was solitary during the major part of the day, yet the sunshine of her breast never experienced a cloud.

He too shared the same bliss. He had been of a melancholy cast of mind; but marriage had dispelled his fits of contemplation and absent-mindedness. Now that the object of his wishes was attained, he went to his work with a gladder heart. The spirit of restlessness which had driven him abroad from his native home, now yielded to a tender and soothing tranquillity. He felt himself bound by the silken chains of love; and contentment and happiness filled his heart.

Between the two, the fondest and most unselfish love reigned. She loved him with the devotion of a Sita, never presuming to dictate or to command, but was all obedience

and affection. He never reprimanded her for silly and trifling things, but treated her with warm and endearing ardour. Never a harsh word passed between them; never did they quarrel as senseless and fond couples always do; never did they cause the slightest pang to each other.

It was about three in the noon. On the veranda Sarojini was weaving a garland of jasmine flowers washed in water. She was alone, Mahadev being absent at the farm, and Sahadev at his office. Sarojini beheld a woman of snowy hair, withal of graceful appearance, approaching the house. Greeting her with smiles, she beckoned her to a mat.

"I am sorry, I do not remember to have seen you before," said the artless Sarojini.

"No, my child. You were only a sweet little girl running by your mother when I met you last. But, assuredly, you cannot have forgotten Kamala who used to present you with baskets of flowers which you were so fond of" said the visitor.

An almost imperceptible tinge of sorrow shaded her fair countenance as the memory of her mother was recalled. But in vain could she recollect the visitor before her.

"Please excuse my poor memory," said Sarojini, and all the associations of her childhood rushed into her mind with pleasure and pain.

"I wished to renew our friendship on your wedding day. But unhappy woman, I am! the day found me ill; and it was with deep sorrow that I confined myself to bed," said Kamala who had been as hale and healthy as Sarojini herself, on the day.

"I am glad that you have found it convenient to call on me now" remarkad Sarojini.

"Oh! no, the joy is entirely on my side. But how are you; don't you feel solitary here in this lonely place?" asked Kamala.

"Not solitary at all! Though they are absent from home all day long, yet I have my garden and house to look

after. Besides, I am accustomed to the life, and do not feel the want of company," replied Sarojini.

"But when do they return home? Assuredly it is unkind of your father to leave you all alone!" exclaimed Kamala.

"They return at dusk. But don't blame my aged father; he has been very kind to me," protested Sarojini.

"I meant no unkind reflexion on your father. But still, you *are* lonely here, you *do* feel the want of company; and to relieve you of this misery, may I request you to come to my house as often as you please. It is not as good a cottage as this, but it is a delightful one, surrounded by wild and fragrant flowers, green and branching ivies, and gigantic trees. Won't you be glad to spend some hours in such a place?" asked Kamala.

Sarojini was delighted at the prospect.

"Splendid!" cried Sarojini, "But I must, of course, get permission of my father and—" she would not pronounce 'husband'—"If they have no objection," she continued, "your plan shall be most willingly acted up to, and we shall meet very often."

Kamala was highly pleased, and on they chatted into the evening until the low sun gilded the luxuriant foliage with a golden hue. She, then, rose to depart. But Sarojini accompanied her as far as a neighbouring tank, and parted with hopes of meeting at Kamala's house on the morrow.

At about dusk, Sahadev returned from the office, and was painfully surprised that there was not the smile of welcome greeting his approach. He looked about, in and round the house for his beloved; but nowhere could he meet her graceful form. The maid-servant, too could not tell him where she was. Finally, he hastened to the garden which was the favourite spot of Sarojini. He was admiring the fair flowers, the jasmine bud, half opened in the advancing dusk, the rose pale and drooping like a

forsaken maiden, and enjoying the fragrance that pervaded the cool air, when the branches that interlaced the path parted, and revealed the beautiful creature tripping to his side with a garland in hand.

The Hindu wife is reserved, and scarcely speaks to her husband in the presence of another person, but is very amiable when she is alone with her beloved.

"Sarojini!" exclaimed her husband. "How long have I been loitering in this garden vainly seeking your presence! I came home, but missed the cheerful countenance that used to greet me with silent smiles. Dearest, will you not be kind to your slave?" and he encircled his arm round her waist.

"Forgive me," she said. "I was kept at my bath, too late by a prattling woman. But kindly accept this," and she threw a garland round his neck.

"Nay, nay, my darling! it must look more graceful if it adorns your hair; and my own hand shall do the work."

He was about to act up to his words, when the remembrance of a similar deed some months past, made him step back a pace.

"Dos't remember the day I knelt at thy feet! I twined the twin roses in your tresses, I whispered into your ears my love and devotion; and you chained me by a garland weaved of the words 'Beloved Husband,'" said Sahadev.

"I chained you by a garland of words!" she echoed. "And you enthralled me with a look! Dearest, I loved you even before you scanned my face."

A deep blush mantled her face.

"That was impossible! my love," said Sahadev, wondering at her remark. "You could not have met me before I rescued you from those villains."

"Nay, it was on that very day. Hear me. On such an evening I was returning from the tank, alone, and unattended by the maid. It was dusk; but the moon was shining gloriously bright. There was nobody to be seen

as I walked home fast. But it was only a furlong from off the house, when two men darted from the wood, and bore me off to the forest. There, they were joined by a third, evidently the director of this manoeuvre; and one of them threatened to gag me in case I continued to shriek. I was so strongly held by two that in spite of my kicks and wrigglings, escape was impossible. At one place, I was deposited, and the leader offered me some sovereigns to keep me silent. But finding it useless, requests changed into threats; and one of them was about to gag me when you arrived at the scene. Oh! how I thrilled with hopes! The soft flood of moonlight revealed to me a handsome figure with eyes flashing fire. And from beneath the shadow of the tree I saw you, without being seen. I felt sure of my deliverence, and in my heart a voice whispered that my deliverer would one day be my husband!"

And as she delivered the last sentence, her voice quivered, and was lost in the warm kisses that were imprinted on her lips.

"But do you recollect who the persons were? their name or rank?" asked Sahadev.

"No! the voice still rings in my ears; but in none whom I have met have I recognized the same. But do you know who they were?"

"No, I don't. I have, however, my own suspicions on some; but suspicion ought not to villify people. Anyhow the adventure has its own lessons."

They heard footsteps on the veranda, and hastened to to meet Mahadev.

CHAPTER XII.

Life or Death.

It was the eve of the momentous day that was to witness the wedding celebration of the young lord of Mabaral. And while the mansion presented a scene of buzzle and activity, no less momentous events were occuring in another part of the village.

It was evening; the sun had set. In the twilight a tall and aged woman of lofty mien and graceful gait, was tramping the path towards the house of Mahadev. She was wrapped in profound thought; and though a peculiar lustre shone in her eyes, the nervous steps indicated an evident agitation of the heart.

That was no coy girl who was now advancing towards the cottage; but one whose once innocent heart had been led into crime, and tutored by consequent adversity into hatred of mankind. And now she was trying to accomplish the ruin of another!

Cruel Kamala! Had she forgotten the agony of a dishonourable love? Could she not remember the infinite torture she was subjected to in her youth? And would those pangs be less keen in another? But no! the pinch of starvation, and the glitter of gold hushed her scruples. Besides there was a wild and fiendish joy in seeing another dragged down to the same humiliating life as hers. She would be an accomplice in the seduction of Sarojini.

With this purpose in view she had visited the house of Mahadev, and tried to allure Sarojini home. But Sarojini, by some reason or other, never paid the promised visit. So she started now to effect the result by startagem, when she had failed by deception. The day was choosen, not because it happened to be the eve of the wedding day of Kumaran, but because of the peculiar facilities it afforded in accomplishing her purpose.

As she neared the house, she broke into a wild gallop; and hastily precipitating to the veranda, she fell down, as if exhausted, at the feet of the frightened Sarojini. Panting for breath she gave vent to a series of spasmodic utterances which confounded the poor creature.

"Sarojini! Dear Sarojini—Oh! God, that I should live to see this day! Your husband—Sahadev—"

Sarojini's face turned pale.

"Speak, Mother! what has happened to him?" cried out Sarojini in wild suspense.

"Ah! my poor child, it pains me to tell you Sarojini—your husband is—oh! how shall I tell you!"

"Speak it out. Do not keep me in this anxiety. What has befallen him. Is he—," and she shuddered at the thought.

"He was returning—returning home perhaps—by the road at a small distance from my house, when—when—poor Sarojini!" she broke out.

"Oh! place me not on this rack. Do tell me soon—Is he alive or—," implored Sarojini with tears in her eyes.

"That wounded boar to attack him!" exclaimed Kamala gradually gaining her breath.

"And is he—alive?" asked Sarojini clutching her arm passionately.

"He is not dead—God forbid—but wounded, cruelly wounded!" said Kamala sobbing.

Sarojini felt the wound in her own heart.

"Where is he? Let me fly to him! where is he?" she asked tremulously.

"Come home, my child. He is there, shouting, and calling 'Sarojini'." Kamala tossed a tear from her eye.

Sarojini burst into a flood of tears; then suddenly recollecting that no time ought to be wasted, she took the hand of Kamala, and stepped out of the house to hasten to the succour of her beloved.

What a strange contrast they presented in the effulgence of the moon!

One was young and fair, with raven tresses and a sweet face. The other was old and haggard with snowy hair and wrinkled countenance. But the eyes of the slender form presented orbs with their lustre dimmed by the gnawing fire at heart, while those of the other twinkled with suppressed joy and hope.

And there seemed to be a halo of light round the head of Sarojini. The chaste moon of the Indian sky played about with its rays, bathing her in its silvery light, dwelling on her cheeks with a lingering kiss, and enveloping her in a fond embrace. Was it the kiss of parting, of farewell? Or—or—was it the kiss of Judas, the kiss of betrayal.

Soon they reached the house. Sarojini's heart was in tumult as she was shown into a dimly lighted room at the farther end of which she beheld a bed bearing a form enveloped in white. A thousand memories rushed to her breast; and with an aching heart she ran to his side and exclaimed in anguish. "My beloved husband!"

As if in reply, the form jumped out from the bed, shrieking in unmistakable rejoicing "My beloved Sarojini."

In the wilds of India sports in joy the spotted deer; and as this innocent creature is caught in its gambols by the hunter's eye, it is petrified momentarily, and casts a bewildered startled look—wonderfully eloquent and unsurpassingly pathetic. Such was the glance with which that beautiful being encountered that man. And with an ejaculation she sprang to the door. But Good Heavens! the door was locked! Kamala had disappeared! and in reply to her vain knock, peals of fiendish laughter reached her ears from without, as if mocking her efforts. She was a prisoner in that room! and with this monster!

"Avaunt! you gaoler!" she cried in anguish, and rushed from the side of the man in abhorrence.

"Heavenly creature! fear me not. I am not thy goaler, but thy prisoner. Charming one, forgive me for the deceit. I am smitten by your dazzling beauty.

Spurn me not!" entreated the man who was no other than Kumaran.

"Wretch!" she shrieked, "Now I recall your voice. Once your infernal slaves bore me away, and I was liberated by my husband. Leave me, leave me, or the wrath of Sahadev shall fall on you," and she flitted to another corner.

"No! my pretty bird. You are now in my power; and nought shall save you!"

With a shudder she recoiled from his embrace. Her eyes rolling in anger endowed her, thought Kumaran, with an additional grace. He clutched her arm passionately.

"Gold! Gold I shall give you in plenty. Yield to my arms." And he thrust some glittering sovereigns into her palm.

"Gold! Gold to me, for my honour!" she sneered in withering contempt, and threw them on the floor in scorn.

"Your beauty make me mad!" he cried, and smothered her face with kisses.

Suddenly she was transformed into an irate lioness. She thrust him away with a shriek. Kumaran fell down heavily on the floor. Angry at the firmness of the woman, he sprang to her with a vengeance. Kicking, writhing, rushing, tearing, shrieking, she tried to escape from his vile embrace—in vain. And as if exhausted by the diverse passions that had raged in her heart, with a desperate and ringing cry, she sank down senseless.

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A couple of hours elapsed. Sarojini woke from her swoon. Her ruin was accomplished; and as she recalled every circumstance from the time of Kamala's visit, conflicting emotions of sorrow, rage, shame, misery rushed through her bosom.

The room was dark; not a sound emanated from the surroundings save the whoop of the owl. Slowly she

gathered up her dress; and feeling the doors open, she made way through into the open air.

There was no more the glorious moonlight; what was she to do? To hide her shame at the bottom of the rivulet, or to live to revenge on the man who had transformed the earth into a hell. And if to live, how to face the sweet aged father whose soul of delight was herself? How could she meet the beloved husband who had surrounded her with every happiness that she could enjoy on the earth? A half-smothered sob rose in her throat, and made the darkness more repulsive.

She walked home, quite unsteady in her gait, now stopping, now hesitating, now lost in thought. "Life or Death?" "Life, or Death?" she was quite undecided. In the solemn darkness, her white form groped the way, and reached an eminence which commanded a dim aspect of the scenery. Far below she descried the deep waters of the rivulet; and by an impulse she bent her steps thither.

The stream presented a chilling scene. The stillness of the night made the tranquillity of the waters more oppressive. The deep dark layer covering merciless crocodiles and other monsters would have sent terror into any heart. But Sarojini was little daunted by the fright-fullness of the surroundings; and though her eyes beheld every object, her thoughts did not dwell on them.

On the bank she stood, looking steadfastly on the water before her. Long, long she gazed, all the time revolving in her mind the same problem, "Life or Death."

"Death! In thy icy embrace, sorrow shall end. My father may weep, my husband may feel the pang of separation. But time will heal every wound, and warm every aching heart. But to lead a life the joy and glory of which is already rent apart, a life with the remembrance of shame and degradation, to present my lips to the beloved when those lips are tarnished with the impress of unchastity, to gladden my father's heart with a mask of hypocritical

happiness—no, death, sweet death, I embrace thee. My God! *Sri Rama! Krishna! Narayana!*" and she balanced herself to jump into the stream.

"Daughter!" cried a voice from behind. She started back. Mahadev was beside her.

He took her hand in his, and gazed into her eyes long and intensely. His suspicious were confirmed, though he could dimly see the paleness of her cheeks. In a moment she was reduced into the obedient child; and falling on the neck of her father, she burst into tears. He led her home without a word.

Conducting the daughter to her bed he begged:

"Sarojini, my child! I am old. Promise me," and there was a tremor in his tone; and a tear stood in his eye. "Promise me that you will not leave me before my death."

"Father! I promise," and tears streamed fast from her eys.

The old man left the room.

But where was Sahadev?

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY SOCIETY PRIZE ESSAY

GOPALA KRISHNA GOKHALE

No one but a shortsighted observer of Indian affairs will pretend to deny that a new wave of national feeling is surging all over the land. For the past quarter of a century the wave has been steadily flowing on, and it has never had a set-back. The sun of Indian nationalism rose more than thirty years back when the Indian National Congress was started under the inspiring and active leadership of Allan Octavian Hume who is with justice called the father of the Congress, Dadabhoi Naoroji, the patriot-saint of India, and Sir William Wedderburn (now, alas!, no more)—all three men of remarkable character and capacity, with the added qualification of an unquenchable love for our mother-land. After nearly a century of their stay in India, the British people brought to this land the benefits of peace and order and good government. Under the stimulating effect of this British connection the people became well educated politically and otherwise, and hence came about this dawn of a national spirit throughout the length and breadth of the land. The sun of Indian nationalism is now at the meridian of its glory, and the happier India of the future is now within visible distance. Every one who is born in India is naturally proud of this golden harvest of national achievement, and in every patriotic Indian's heart a feeling of pride and pleasure glows within, to see that India is marching forward to its destined mission in the world under the inspiring and stimulating influence of the British connection.

One who wishes to have a view of this wonderful record of national achievement must naturally be led to think a little, as to, who has been instrumental in thus bringing us nearer and nearer to the goal of national self-consciousness. Many names crowd before our minds—Dadabhoi Naoroji, Sir William Wedderburn, Sir Henry

Cotton, Sir P. M. Mehta, Surendranath Bannerji, and a host of others. Among these Gopala Krishna Gokhale takes his rightful place. In recent times, there has been none who has so maikedly influenced and led the public life of India so well as the two great apostles of Indian nationalism who have only recently left us—, Dadabhoi Naoroji and Gopala Krishna Gokhale.

Gokhale, the hero of the Indian political regeneration, was a native of the Bombay Presidency. Educated in the schools of Poona, he early showed promise of his future greatness. He belonged to a Hindu family which laid great store by the national customs of the land, and he was naturally brought up in the traditions of a pious and religiously minded family. His school and college career was uniformly brilliant, and from early times he attracted the attention of his masters and pupils. He formed many friendships which are the glory and refreshing light of a student's career, and he cherished them even up to his last days. As a boy, his life was lit up by the golden rays of joy and hope, though his parents were of moderate means. And it was in the schools and colleges in which he studied, that he, like all the great men of the world, laid the foundations of his thorough grasp of facts and figures and a thorough knowledge of a subject before beginning to speak upon it—characteristics which were throughout his own, and which stood him in good stead in his after-life.

His conspicuous ability as a student of mathematics brought him to the forefront of the public notice. Early in life he took up an appointment offered to him as Professor of Mathematics in the Fergusson College, Poona, and it is his career here that is most attractive to us. He worked laboriously on a miserable pittance. A miserable pittance it really was, especially in these days when fat salaries are being offered to the higher grades of Professors. It was a great amount of self sacrifice involved, and he gladly underwent it. Herein lay the secret of

his whole life. He tried to inculcate in the plastic minds of his disciples the great truths of life, the loftiest principles of morality and service, and he never spared himself any pains for the work. As professor he made his mark, and his accurate knowledge of facts and figures which he was to display before wondering audiences in the various sessions of the Supreme Legislative Council, was the direct and immediate result of his great mathematical acumen and his stupendous energy in making himself fully equipped for the task he set himself to do. As a teacher, he was careful that the lessons he inculcated did not fall on stony soil, and wither way to no effect. He unfolded before the vision of his admiring students, the great, glorious and majestic form of Truth, and he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the task of enlightenment and to the laying of a solid foundation of character, whereon, the great edifice of national reconstruction can be securely built. He was a teacher in the real sense of the word; he was not content with the mere dry-as-dust facts of bookish theory, but set himself to inculcate in his students the higher lessons of national service and national character. In short, in the blind old English poet's words,

> "In prophetic dream he saw,
> The youth unborn, with pious awe,
> Imbibe each virtue from his sacred page."

Already, as a teacher, the political conditions of India attracted his attention. The poverty of the land of his birth and the political status of her institutions, claimed his earnest and thoughtful mind. He attached himself as a humble commissariat man, as it were, of the Indian National Congress. He was thus to bridge the great gulf that had been existing between education and politics. As an educationist he soon budded into the position of an active politician. And like him, his worthy successor in India today, the Hon'ble Mr. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri also hails from the ranks of the educationists of the land.

The connection between education and politics must always be intimate, and this, Gokhale exemplified in a remarkable degree.

He soon made his mark in the Congress. At first he was one of the Secretaries of the Congress for a few years and after a good deal of plodding work in which his abilities for leadership were markedly shown, he was raised to the Presidentship of the Congress—the greatest honour to which an Indian can aspire. His Congress speech at Bombay is a masterpiece of oratory pouring forth the Indian demands, with a silvery eloquence entirely his own.

As a politician, he had definite views from which he never flinched. He was a member of more than one deputation that the Indian leaders of his time undertook to England, to emphasise the justice of Indian demand for a larger and larger measure of political self-development and self-Government to the British democracy. He always believed firmly that India's destiny was inextricably linked to that of the British empire, and that India's political salvation could only come about with Britain as her stout and staunch ally. In political views he was most moderate. He wanted a greater and greater measure of the employment of Indians in the public services, and he fretted against the exclusion of the Indian people in the army and other services, especially when the Mutiny of 1857 had become a dim memory and Indian loyalty was assured He resented India's economic starvation brought about by foreign exploitation and killing competition with Indian industries, and he was the greatest champion of the poor in India. In the Imperial Legislative Council in which he was allowed to work for many years, by the confidence and esteem in which, the people held him, he used to give facts and figures of India's poverty that would strike with great force the minds of all assembled except, of course, those of the few who had their own points of views, and had their own axees to grind. His

precision was telling, his accuracy was stunning. Even the official members could not, but admire the great store of facts which he oould produce at a moment's notice. He was never violent, he kept his calm in the Council; yet his criticism of an unjust policy or an untrue statement was simply staggering. The greatest measure that he brought before the Council, was, the Elementary Education Bill. Though it had to be withdrawn at that time, the facts which he placed before the Council in regard to the appalling ignorance of the masses—the fact that only 6% or so of the Indian population was really literate—and the beginning and concluding speeches he delivered on the occasion, were masterpieces of fervid oratory which carried refreshing conviction to all. Although he agitated along with the others for financial and fiscal autonomy and a greater measure of Self Government in the land, his most emphatic view was that elmentary education was the panæcea of all Indian ills. Here, indeed, was a true statesman of whom we may well be proud

On all other occasions, his vote always lay with the popular view; and his greatest title to merit is his passionate patriotism—one of the greatest qualifications for national leadership. Already we have seen that he had the first and foremost qualification for leadership, namely, the confidence that others repose in a man—this he had in plenty, as can be seen from his being elevated to the Congress presidentship twice, and from his being returned to the Legislative Council successively for a large number of years. Now, his patriotism was unequalled. The greatest service that he rendered to the land, was, the starting of an institution composed of a selfless band of Indian students and workers—namely, the Servants of India Society. It was the fruit of his glowing patriotism, it was the product of his fertile and earnest brain. Even now the tradition is kept up; the Servants of India pledge themselves to study Indian problems, to scatter the seeds of political education every-

where, and to work for the country's cause with unremitting zeal. He was himself the first President of the Society, and carried out the pledges he had taken to the very letter. And his place is now worthily occupied by his disciple and admirer, the Hon'ble Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, who has introduced another good feature in the society, viz, the editing of a new organ of national service called "*The Servant of India.*"

A third great qualification of a leader seems to us to be that he should be marked to a great degree by a certain fearlessness and magnanimity in his actions. Gokhale was not also wanting in these. His work in relation to the Public Services Commission bears eloquent testimony to it. He used to put various incisive questions to the gentlemen who gave evidences before the Commission; and he must be one who is fully equipped to face an eager and exciting questioner. Many Anglo-Indians who gave evidence quailed before his searching questioning, and it was a difficult task to come out of the fire unscathed. As a member of the Council, too, he was distinctively forceful and effective in his utterances. Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, speaking in his farewell speech before the Council and referring to the great leaders of Indian thought, gave utterance to his admiration for "the incisive criticism of Mr. Gokhale, the overpowering eloquence of Mr. Malaviya, the journalistic thunder of Mr. Banerjea, and the emphatic utterance of Mr. Achariar" Though he thus worked solely and sincerely for the sake of his country, Gokhale cared little for the trifling tinsel of official recognition; he cared more for the golden opinions of his countrymen. When a K. C. I. E. was offered to him by Lord Crew, the then Secretary of State for India, he declined it, hoping to be a people's mans a mere Mr. Gokhale, all his life. Such was the generou, soul of the great Gokhale.

Of moderation and tact he had plenty. He never cared for utopian dreams and impossible demands, for,

his nature was always of a practical bent. He would construct some practicable scheme and to it he will cling throughout. Much • capital was made of Gokhale's 'testament' which, he was said to have left behind him when he died. Though his testament fell a little short o- the Congress demands, yet it is a document to which responsible British statesmen pay great regard, and by which they can learn many lessons in regard to the impendding reform scheme. He was a moderate and well he was, and we are, in these troublous times in need of more such moderates than we have at present.

He won golden opinions everywhere; and even responsible statesmen like Lord Hardinge, Lord Carmichael, and Lord Morley have a great many good things to say of him. Among Indians, his attitude to his great Leaders and Gurus was one of great reverence and homage. Not a politician but had a sort of spiritual kinship with him. Mrs. Sirojini Naidu, the sweet-singing *Kokil* of Ind, speaks, in her excellent little brochure on Gokhale, of the acquaintance she had with him at first, which later grew and ripened into a spiritual comradeship which she counted among the crowning honours of her life. The best title to the great and abiding influence he wielded, is the formation, in these days, of a vast number of Gokhale clubs and reading rooms all over India—in which his ideals are studied and earnestly sought to be followed.

Gokhale was also a robust social reformer,—a position which seems nowadays to be indispensable to political leadership. He wanted India to march socially along with the other nations, and not simply to be dreaming and living on the memories of the past. He was a man who looked at the living present, with a robust optimism to the future. As a man he was endowed with great energy—a fact to be seen in the lives of all men. He used to sit up late in nights absorbed in India's topics. Not a movement in India, but had his advice

and profited by it. A gentle calm always settled on his face and his saintly eyes were those of a born leader of men. He was pious, but he never looked much to the great dictates of his religion.

This champion of Indian freedom, this star of Indian nationalism, set two years back, and all minds are filled with dismay at the sudden void. If he had lived at this troublous period he would have been a great asset. He did his duty to his country, and therein he found his reward. His monumental work was the organisation of the Servants of India Society, and it will live on carrying aloft the torch of Indian nationalism which he had lit up. Reactionaries may throw him in the cold shade of neglect, and the so-called 'moderates' may well hug him to his bosom in order thereby to air their pet theories with a deal of added dignity. But the heart of India is linked to the inspiring memory of that great soul who, by his sterling independence and magnanimity, sense of duty and fiery patriotism, moderation and tact, and, last but not least, a glowing consciousness of the fact that he did his duty to his countrymen, was a born leader of men and hoped with all his heart to see India great in the scale of nations. The fruition of his labours and the gratitude of his countrymen will be his best and most enduring reward. Though he is dead, his spirit is still watching over the fruit of his labours, and is a lasting source of inspiration to his countrymen, and will be so for ages to come. Here was a true leader; where be such another?

K. S. RAGHAVAN.

NOTES.

Requiescat In Pace.

The College mourns the loss of her two students, untimely cut off, by the cruel hand of Death, one K. Vaidhyanathaswami of the Senior Intermediate class succumbed to the Typhoid and the other S. Swaminathan of the Senior B. A. Class died of a rupture of the heart. We regret to note another tragedy—the death of K. Rengachari, B. A., an Old Boy of the College whose career as student was brilliant.

Resurrection!

The Sanskrit Association of our College had a long nap, if not death, owing to the lack of interest evinced by its members and the office-bearers. The election of a new Secretary, Mr. Vadiraja Rao of the III class, ended the 'inter-regnum' and we hope he will not betray his trust. We cannot afford to neglect Sanskrit.

The week of Photos.

Last week every Society and section of the College vied with one another in arranging for Photographs, and we fear, that itself might have raised the standard charges! No doubt these will be momentoes of our jolly life at the College when looked through the dim vista of old age, or recollected in tranquillity.

Our Student Artist.

We really feel proud that we have in our midst an excellent photographer, Mr. K. Gopalakrishnan of the I class whose beautiful 'snap-shot' appears as the *frontispiece* of this issue of the journal.

Exit and Enter!

The Literary Society is running on Parliamentary lines. Sometime ago, when we had heavy work on all sides, the Secretary Mr. Regunathachari suddenly resigned —who by the way had done immense service to the Society—and Mr. R. Doraisami was elected. A Chamberlain resigns and a Montagu accepts office! ... ...

Quite recently, we learn, that a comic scene transpired; the Secretary, we are told, resigned his post in a morning and withdrew it before the setting of the sun. Pray, what may be the motives for this strange manoeuvre?

Sir Sunder Lal.

Of late with a startling suddenness the Society has discarded the old and time-honoured groove, and burst asunder the shackles implied under the name 'literary' and it has come to take an active interest in matters of public interest; debates like 'India's Fitness for Home Rule' and 'India's Poverty' really make the meetings a delight and membership, a privilege. In fact, it is our Parliament—a mimic Parliament if you will—discussing the problems that agitate the whole nation. The latest act of the Society was to recognise the services of Sir Sunder Lal, the Vice-chancellor of the Hindu University, and to deplore his irreparable loss. It was a just and deserved homage to one of the greatest educationists of India.

Our College Cabinet.

The Students' Representative Council, with no definite, rigid, written constitution, advises the Principal on all matters pertaining to the College, and co-operates, with the College Executive. Though the Council is only

advisory, the Principal always abides by its recommendations and suggestions. Our thanks for this innovation are due to our kind and sympathetic Principal.

National Dress.

No less are our thanks and gratitude due to our Principal, the pioneer in this field in this Presidency in granting the popular demand for the 'national dress'. Though we labour under the difficulty of a suitable name, and the word itself is a misnomer—for it is a compromise between the Oriental and Occidental dresses, with a predominence of the former over the latter—the word is too well-known to detail its connotation. Our sympathisers are many amongst us, in this particular affair, but our followers are few: with many, a coat and cap have become *a La mode*, and we sink under the embrace of amity and professions of love.

But soft! a voice breathes a message of consolation—"wait and hope".

Our Editorial Staff.

Recently we had a 'crisis'; the Editor, the Advisory Council, and the Sub-Editors, all tendered their resignations, with the exception of Mr. A. V. Venkatarama Iyer M. A. L. T.. And we congratulate the Literary Society in persuading Mr. R. M. Statham M. A. to remain our chief. The rising wave of democratic feeling in washing away the debris has deposited the sands of gold of elective Sub-Editorship. The whole Council, with the exception of one, is now full of fresh men. ... ...

"With bated breath and whispering humbleness", we suggest that after all, the golden sands may prove an illusion of the eye, and Democracy itself degenerate into partisanship and party-politics, and we warn the Society from returning indifferent, and unworthy men to responsible places. We hope frank words are not grounds for war!

"Kia Ora."

Mr. A. J. Saunders of the American College, Madura, gave a lantern lecture on the 'Wonder-Land' of New Zealand, under the auspices of the K. C. L. S. The lecture transported, as it were the whole audience to that 'Emerald Isle of the Pacific' with its peculiar climate, wonders, and nature's wild phantasmagoria—an additional page to the Tale of Thousand and One Nights! ... ...

Alas! our skins prevent us from landing on that delightful shore, though we live under the same shadow of the mighty Union Jack! We cannot help it "A leopard cannot change his spot nor an Ethiop his skin".

Radha Kumud Mukerjee

The Historical Society is expecting the arrival of our distinguished historian, now, University Professor of Mysore, Radha Kumud Mukerjee.

"Twelfth Night."

This year on the 18th December 1917 the K. C. L. S. staged Shakespeare's "What You Will" in aid of the Society's Organ. Our thanks are due to the Principal and President of the Society, Mr. R. M. Statham, and the Conductor Mr. P. R. Krishnaswamy Iyengar, who appeared as the Duke; what with their assiduous and self sacrificing work and the hearty co-operation of the volunteers, the performance transcended even our most sanguine expectations It was, in short, a brilliant success. We refrain from naming any particular actor lest, in our selection, perhaps, we might omit the best. All did their part admirably well.

The College Scout Corps.

Our Principal has formed this Corps on the line of Baden Powell. One corps is already formed; and the training began from Friday the 1st March. Mr. P. Raja-gopala Iyer, the Scout Master is now the commander, as well as the Admiral, of the College Infantry and the Fleet—perhaps owing to the exigencies of War!

The Elocution Competition.

The K. C. L. S. has decided to award two medals, one for the Demosthenes of the Intermediate Classes. and the other, for the Cicero of the B. A. Classes worth Rs 10 each. We hope to see an army of budding orators on the day.

Advocatus Diaboli.

However much we admire the motives underlying a students' 'Sadas', however much we foam and fret under the recent regulations curtailing our freedom in certain matters, we fail to appreciate the tendency on the part of some, in the recent Convention at Trichy, by means direct and indirect, to persuade students to play the part of 'feeders' to the greater, political bodies of the land or to change the metaphor, play the second fiddle to the elder generations of Home Rulers and Congressmen of the Nationalist Party. What! have they forgotten Gokhale's regulation of five years' forced silence even for older men like the Servants of India, so soon—within three years after his death? This is an age of startling wonders!

The Tobacco Parliament.

But we are not blind to the Convention's merits. It has noted with alarm the growing practice of using tobacco and betels among the student population and has tried to arrest it promptly by a resolution. The coincidence of this and of a notice in our College shows 'the universal' tendency "O! a trivial item" our hyper-critics would exclaim, but we stamp it as a voice. Alas! the salutary regulations of ancient India against what in Sanskrit are styled as. 'The Vyasanas' only remain in dusty tomes and forgotten or neglected libraries!.

An At Home

In December last the members of the students' Council were 'at Home' to the Principal, and we understand that a council group was taken. What has become of that photo? It has no courage, it looks, to peep out of the dark room, and we presume, it has not seen the light of day as yet.

A strange Visitor.

We are informed that Serjeant Buzfuz, the driving chaffing, masculine, Bar Orator, who twists 'Chops and Tomato-Sauce' into a declaration of love, and the ornament of the Pickwickian Club is going to pay a surprise visit to our College on Friday Wherefore?

We have received a copy of "The Sunflower," the magaziue of the Madras Women's Christian College. It is a most excellent production, most beautifully got up, and it well represents the magnificent work that the College is doing. We recently had the good fortune to be shown over the College, and were permitted to marvel at the almost Newnham-like aspect of the place.

A spirited debate was in progress on the afternoon of our visit, and the present issue of the "Sunflower" shows how active the social life of the College has been, and how soon the College has acquired an *esprit de corps*.

It is especially interesting to note that the College has a flourishing Dramatic Society, which between December 1916 and March of last year enacted scenes from *Savitri*, scenes from *Sakunthala*, Tagore's *Post Office* and scenes from *Macbeth*. The regular College games include Gymnastics, athletics, rounders, croquet, tennis and badminton. And yet we are talking of backward female education. The present issue under review has an article by the principal of the College which should be of interest to all at the present time. We quote the concluding passage. "It rests with us to decide whether it (the University of Madras) shall be a mere manufactury of uneducative degrees or a training ground from which shall go forth men and women able to lead rule and serve their country."

Indian ladies may be late in the field of education but they seem, once started, to be getting a great advantage over their brothers by being led direct to what is best in educational ideals.

We note that of thirteen students that appeared from the College last year for the B. A. only one failed in both parts. What a lesson for Kumbakonam! We are crying that the courses are too heavey for our Indian men, but—

We have received also copies of the Trichinopoly S. P. G. High School and The Taylor High School magazines which are, as usual very interesting.

With due apologies to those concerned the Editor presents the following from the answer papers of the Promotion Examinations.

The boat club owes its origin to the untiring efforts and the youngman's enthusiasm of our venerable Vice-Principal. (hear! hear!)

Our Principal told that it was a great dignity in England to be the Senior Rangler of a boating club.

The players are merrily playing. Professors and students taking part freely in it, and especially the witty saying of some of our humourous professors creates a laugh in us and adds a charm as it were to the play."

In our municipalities there are members who do not know the first alphabets of English. They all agree to the Chairman's words because he has studied Literature. They, like mummies, nod their heads and go away. (Hush!)

Though he is a lecturer in the College he moves freely with us At times you see two of them (oarsmen) clashing with each other until one of them is *drowned*.

We may have heard of some of our leaders fighting for National Education. I do not know how they can be successful, and even if they are successful it is only disastrous to us. If we are deprived of our present education then the present civilisation will begin to decay.

The chief value of studying English Literature is that we learn the vices of the English.

In your last letter you inquired how it was possible to be allowed to wear National dress and to go to College in a bureaucratic institution where the Principal is an European. I dont mean now to deal with that aspect of the question since I myself do not wear the so called National dress. Of course the New India waxes enthusiastic over it.

I am very glad to tell you that a boat club, wherein lies the future greatness of India has been started.

THE ANNUAL REPORT

OF

The Kumbakonam College Literary Society,

by the Secretary for 1917–1918.

(Read before the Society on the day of its anniversary March 1 — 1918 and adopted unanimously.)

It is with feelings of extraordinary satisfaction as that of a man who is confident and proud of what he says, that we sit down to pen the following report of Kumbakonam College Literary Society. Never before in the annals of the College, not even in the glorious regime of Principal Porter has there taken place such an outburst of ambition on the part of our students to acquire all that is best and noble in a true education, as that, which has manifested itself during the present year 1917—18. This desire to make education happy and pleasurable has resulted in a remarkable success for the extra-collegiate activities of the College, notably for our debating societies. The Literary Society, the mother of all societies, the parliament, so to say, of the College has opened a new page in its history. Its discussions and debates have been most engaging and popular, and the rolls of its members swelled to overflowing. This is due in a large measure to the happy change that has come over the ways and character of the society. In the first place our discussions and debates were divested of the dry cast-iron acadamic character. The thrice-told stories of Milton and Shakespeare, of Ruskin and Carlyle, good in themselves are not the only things wanted. Our discussions and debates came to centre more and more upon burning topics of the day, questions of contemporary Indian interest. The inclusion in the programme of subjects and debates such as that, on 'Home Rule', 'Memorandum of the Nineteen' and 'Poverty of India' is in strong unison with the surging

tide of democratic thought and feeling all the world over. The programme came as a welcome surprise to all who have the interests of the College at heart, and assured of the sympathy of our President and Principal, nothing was too difficult for us to accomplish. The meetings were very largely attended and our orators and debaters were greeted with sounds of applause. Rows of benches crowded with students, our lecturers by our side cheering us, the contending parties like Hector and Achilles of old, flying at each other's throat, with their verbal daggers drawn, and last our president rising from his seat his atlantean shoulders fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies, crowning the occasion with his sharp and stately speech. The conduct of our debates has been such that any society in any collegiate institution could naturally be proud of.

The second marked feature of our society, this year is, that it has acquired a parliamentary character. The members have shown such striking interest in it that they came to acquire greater and greater control over the conduct and management of its affairs. The summoning of extraordinary meetings for the recasting of the rules, the substitution of election in place of nomination, the great constitutional struggles all reflect the democratic feeling which though dawned afresh has neverthiless been exercised with considerable moderation and sense of responsibility.

With the same zeal and earnestness that have characterised the affairs of the society this year, three extraordinary lectures were arranged. Prof. A. J. Saunders M. A. of the American College gave a very instructive and stimulating lecture on 'The Wonderland of Newzealand' with lantern exhibition. Dr. T. S. S. Rajam of Trichinopoly gave a learned discourse on 'Race Regeneration', and Prof. P. R. Krishnaswami M. A. lectured on 'The English Moralists.' Following closely the precedent of the previous years we have staged this year Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' in aid of the journal of our society and

needless to say it was a remarkable success. In spite of financial difficulties which threatened a collapse, our journal is being run with redoubled vigour in the fourth year of its existence under the able management of Mr. Statham, assisted by a newly constituted advisory council. This year two silver medals each worth Rs. 10 have been instituted, one to the best speaker in the B. A. classes and the other in the Intermediate classes. An hour ago, was held that speech competition. In drawing this record we are confident of our position and proud of our society.

If the society has been existing from the very birth of our college it has this year amply justified its existence and risen rejuvenated. In the cast-iron factory system of education as it obtains at present, our society has supplied a bad want. It has afforded full scope for the play of our emotions. If the Society this year has been a decided success it is because of the earnestness, sympathy and co-operation of our president and principal Mr. Statham to whom goes the lion's share of our gratitude. We feel grateful to our honorary members and lecturers of the college especially to Messrs. A. Arulanantham, P. R. Krishnaswami, and A. V. Venkataraman whose interest in the promotion of the aims and the means of the society has been a source of great encouragement to us. We are also thankful to the ordinary members of the society whose democratic feeling and criticism of the conduct of affairs were not without a sympathetic appreciation of the difficulties entailed upon the executive and co-operation wherewith to overcome them. Not sorry for the past, confidently yet striving for the present, we hope that our successors will take due note of the example set this year and carry to completion the work that we have, but begun, that the society may become a pride to this our *alma mater* the Kumbakonam College.

Long Live the Literary Society.!!!

R. DORASAMI,
Secretary.

Feb. 28/1918.

THE KUMBAKONAM COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

TREASURER'S FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1917—18.

	RECEIPTS.	Rs.	As.	Ps.	EXPENDITURE.	Rs.	As.	Ps.	Remarks.
1	Last year's balance lying with the bank with interest thereon June 30, 1917.	7	3	5	Stationary and Printing Charges ...	22	10	0	
					Stamp charges	0	10	0	
					Peons' charges	2	0	0	
2	Received from Mr. N. Krishnamurthy, Ex-Treasurer ...	8	11	3	Carbide, Candlestick & candle ...	8	2	6	
					Towards the 1st copy of the photo	15	0	0	
3	Interest on money lying with the Bank carried up-to-date on Dec. 31, 1917	0	1	10	Anniversary expenses (garland, betel, etc.)	6	0	0	
					Towards the medals for speech competition	20	0	0	
					Sundry charges (Telegrams, etc.)	1	3	0	
4	Sum realised through subscription from members (160) ...	80	0	0	Total ...	75	9	6	
5	Sum realised in connection with the Lantern lecture of Mr. Saunders	1	7	0	Balance ...	21	14	0	
	Total ...	97	7	6	Total ...	97	7	6	

K. S. RAGHAVAN,
Treasurer, K. C. L. S.
1st March 1918.

THE KUMBAKONAM COLLEGE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL REPORT for 1917–18.

It is with much pleasure that I stand before you this evening to report, that the society has successfully carried on its work and made good progress during the year under review. The Society has got 60 members on the Rolls and besides the existing honorary members, all the members of the College Staff have been elected this year as Honorary Members, whose services to the society are invaluable. Their presence has always been a source of encouragement to the members and they have taken the more active part in the functions of the society, than its members and I fervently hope, that more of the members will share in the activities of the society in future, from the example set by the Honorary members.

The work for the year was inaugurated by Dr. Gilbert Slater, University Professor in Indian Economics, who gave a very useful and interesting address on 'The Field Study in History and Economics.' He has delivered a lecture to this society in the previous year and I take this opportunity to offer my heartfelt thanks to him. As it was rather as late as October, when the Association commenced its work, we were able to arrange only 10 ordinary lectures out of which, one had to be dropped as the essayist had left the college. The other 9 lectures were of varied, constitutional, economic and political interest and the papers, on 'Empire and Nationality,' 'India in a Scheme of Imperial Federation,' 'Theory and Convention of the British constitution', and 'A peep into mediaeval Deccan', deserve mentioning here. The last of them was delivered by M. R. Ry. A. V. Venkatarama Aiyar Avl., to whose active interest in the delibration of the society and services, the society is very much indebted.

There were two extraordinary lectures arranged for the year. One, was delivered by Mr. G. Satya Narayana-Murthi Pantulu of the Findlay College Mannargudi; on 'Some Historical and Economic aspect of the Evolution of Currency' and the society records its sense of gratitude to the gentleman for having been kind enough to give a useful and informing lecture. The other was delivered by the enthusiastic President of the Association, Mr. Statham himself, on 'India To Day' and he had very useful and suggestive remarks to offer in the way of maintaining good, smooth, social, and political relationships between the European and the Indian Communities. Invitations were sent to several other gentlemen for delivering lectures before this Association, and some of them to mention, Mr. K. V. Rengaswami Aiyangar of Trivandrum, Father P. Carty of the St. Joseph's College, and Dr. Radhakumud Mukerjee of the Mysore University, expressed their inability to come at the present time and I hope, they can possibly be expected next year.

I am very much thankful for other Gentlemen who had been good enough to preside over most of our meetings, and specially thanks are very much due to Messrs R. M. Statham, S. V. Venkateswara Iyer, T. K. Hanumantha Rao, A. V. Venkatarama Iyer, K. R. Doraiswami Iyer and Prof. K. Sundra Rama Iyer. The last two gentlemen above mentioned participated in the functions and work of the Association, and their interest was very warm.

An Excursion to Mahabalipuram was under contemplation, but owing to lack of funds, the idea had to be dropped, and it is hoped that the authorities will help us in the undertaking for the next year. It should be mentioned to the credit of the Association, that it is contributing for the valuable Monthly, 'Mysore Economic Journal' and that a group photo of the Association was taken this year.

I should be very much obliged to the Asst., Secretary,

Mr. S. Regunandanan and other Committee Members for the valuable assistance they have rendered to me.

I cannot conclude this report without expressing my great indebtedness to the enthusiastic President of the Association, Mr. R. M. Statham, whose encouragement and valuable advice, have been of immense help to me and uuder his kind patronage and support, the Association has advanced with rapid strides in the realisation of its work, and the Society deserves to bo congratulated on having a worthy President in him.

It is highly fitting to conclude the session with the lecture of Mr. T. S. Subramanya Iyer, to whom I have great pleasure in according a hearty welcome, and I thank him heartily for his kindness in going over here to lecture to us amidst his other activities.

College Buildings,
11th March 18.

R. DANDAPANI,
Secretary.

Financial Statement.

		Rs.	As.	Ps.
The Subscription of the members amounted to	Rs.	30	0	0
The balance of the previous year	Rs.	7	12	0
Total	Rs.	37	12	0
Expenses:—				
Mysore Economic Journal ...	Rs.	4	0	0
Printing—Programme etc.	Rs.	5	13	0
In connection with the Extraordinary lecture	Rs.	6	2	0
Miscellaneous including Stamps Covers, Candles etc. ...	Rs.	2	0	6
Anniversary Expenses ...	Rs.	18	2	0
Total Expenses	Rs.	36	1	6
Balance	Rs.	1	11	6

R. DANDAPANI.

The Victoria Jubilee Hostel Association 1917—18.

President :—R. M. STATHAM ESQ., M. A.
Vice President :—M. R. Ry. S. V. VENKATESWARA IYER AVL., M. A. L. T.

ANNUAL REPORT.

Read on the Anniversary day.

The committee of the above association has the honor to submit its annual report to the association.

A business meeting of the association was held in the last week of the month of August, 1917, with M R. Ry. S. V. Venkateswara Ayyer Avl., the vice-president in the chair. Messrs. V. Santanam and N. S. Krishnamurti were elected Secretary and Asst., Secretary respectively. The members of the committee are Messrs. K. Ramaswamy, S. Somasundaram, S. Rajagopalan and D. Govindan.

The society has 81 members on its rolls, a number much greater than in any of the previous years.

The programme for the year was drafted by the committee with seven lectures and six debates. But, out of these, three lectures and two debates were withdrawn by the members concerned, and another lecture was dropped owing to some inconvenience.

The inaugural address of the association was delivered by M. R. Ry S. Natesa Iyer Avl., B. A. B. L. on the 6th September 1917, with R M. Statham Esq. M. A. in the chair. It was an interesting one and a perfeet success.

The first ordinary meeting of the association was held on the 15th Sep., 17, when M. R Ry. K. S. Patrachariar Avl , M. A. L. T. presided and Mr. K. Veeraraghavan spoke on "South Indian Music—Divergence between Theory and Practice." The lecture was followed by an excellent entertainment of vocal music by the same member.

On the 4th November 17, a lecture was given by Mr. S. Somasundaram on "Social Brotherhood" with M. R. Ry. P. R. Krishnaswamy Aiyengar Avl. M. A. L. T. in the chair and another lecture on the 15th Dec. 17, when Mr. R. Regunatha Rao spoke on "Miranda and Sakuntala a study in characters," and M. R. Ry. S. V. Venkateswara Aiyer Avl., M. A. L. T. presided.

Out of the four debates, the first "Is man master of his fate?" was arranged for on the 12th Oct. 17, with M. R. Ry. T. K. Hanumantha Rao Avl., B. A. L. T. in the the chair, when Mr. N. Lakshmanan opened the debate and Mr. N. Sankaranarayanan led the opposition.

The next debate, "Is war an evil!" was conducted on the 21st Oct. 17, with M. R. Ry. S. V. Venkateswara Iyer Avl., M. A. L. T. in the chair. The opener—Mr. K. Swaminathan.

On the 17th November Mr. P. S. Subramaniam opened the debate "Should social reform go hand in hand with political reform?" and Mr. R. Krishnamurti led the opposition. This is specially noteworthy because one of the members of the hostel Mr. M. K. Nambyar took the chair.

The last debate "Pessimism vs. Optimism" was conducted on the 2nd Feb, 18, when M. R. Ry. P. Rajagopala Iyer Avl., M. A. L. T. presided; Mr. T. Srinivasaraghava Chary opened the debate and was opposed by Mr. Krishna Roy Shenai.

The above association had had the pleasure of hearing three extraordinary lectures during the course of the year.

The first of the series was given by Lt. St. Clair Morford on "The Northwestern Frontier" when R. M. Statham Esq., M. A. presided.

On the 23rd Nov. another meeting was arranged for, with A. Arulanandam Esq., B. A. Oxon, in the chair, when Rev. Allan F. Gardiner of Trichinopoly lectured on "Romance."

The last of the series was given by M. R. Ry. P. R. Krishnaswamy Aiyengar Avl., M. A. L. T. on the 24th Jan. 18, on "Rudyard Kipling," with R. M. Statham Esq. M. A. in the chair.

It is to the credit of the association to be recorded, that all the meetings were well attended and the hall was crowded to the full, in all the extraordinary lectures.

M. R. Ry. T. K Sivarama Iyer Avl., B. A. B L. has kindly consented to deliver the valedictory address of the association. Another extraordinary lecture by Mr. G. A. Natesan of Madras on "Gokhale and Gandhi" is to come off on the 3rd proximo.

The Secretary Mr. V. Santanam, tendered his resignation on the 30th Nov. 17, owing to some inconveniences. The committee thanks him for the efficient discharge of his duties as Secretary

Then a business meeting was called for, on the 2nd Dec. 17, with M. R. Ry. S. V. Venkateswara Iyer Avl, in the chair Mr. N. S. Krishnamurti, the Asst, Secretary was elected Secretary and Mr. T. Srinivasa Raghavachari was elected Asst., Secretary.

On the 29th Jan. 18, a group photo of the association was taken and Mrs. Statham was also present for it.

Finance of the Association during the year was as follows:—

DETAILS.	Receipts. Rs.	A	P.	Charges. Rs.	A.	P.
Subscriptions to the Reading Room	81	8	0			
Contribution to the social gathering	78	8	0			
Sale of News papers ...	1	6	0			
Total ...	161	6	0			
Subscriptions to journals ...				39	7	0
Printing and other contingencies ...				15	2	6
Contribution to group photo ...				15	0	0
Social gathering Expenses ...				89	12	0
Total ...	161	6	0	159	5	6
Balance ...	2	0	6			

The Association has been getting the following periodicals during the year :—The Hindu, The Times of India, The Modern Review and The Indian Review.

The Committee has to express its gratification at the harmonious working of the association during the year and convey its thanks to the members, and in particular, to those who have been so good as to help the society by delivering lectures and presiding at the meetings.

Hostel Buildings,
23rd Feb. 18.

N. S. KRISHNAMURTI,
Secretary.

P. S. Owing to some inconvenience the lecture by Mr. G. A. Natesan is postponed to the next term.

N. S. KRISHNAMURTI.

The Kumbakonam College Sanskrit Association.

॥ श्रीः ॥

सत्संगतिरमणीया
तमोपहा विहितकुवलयोल्लासा ।
संस्कृतसभेयमनुदिन-
मभिवृद्धा भवतु चन्द्रेरखेव ॥

With mingled feelings of dissatisfaction and consolation, I have to report the work of the Association during the year 1917—1918. After the interesting inaugural Address by Mr. P. R Krishnaswami M. A., under the distinguished presidency of M.R Ry. V. Bhashyam Iyengar Avl., B. A. B L. District Munsiff, there was the next ordinary meeting on 7th Oct. 1917., when a lecture was read on the "Ancient and Modern System of Education in India," Mr. K. S. Patrachariar M. A. L. T., one of the most earnest euthusiasts of the Society, presiding. This was the first and last of its kind. The Society did not arrange for any more meetings, due to the indifference, perhaps, of the office-bearers or the members themselves. We are not here to question that. Why cry over the spilt milk? We are not now in a hopeless condition. The leaves have withered only to spring up in July next, in blooming freshness and glory. There is the consolation for us. Let us all strain every nerve to further the objects of our Association, next term at least, with the help of our sympathetic Principal and the energetic members of the Staff.

As for our finance, we are penniless for the present. We can, however, claim of some financial status as the Ex-Treasurer, Mr. S. Vijia Raghavan II Class, has promised to return what he has, by way of the Society's fund. To him our grateful thanks are due.

It is a matter of extreme satisfaction that the Association, had the fortune to prolong its existence till the anniversal celebrations, without already being crushed under the feet. Thanks for the endeavours of Messrs K. Rama-

chandran and K. S. Raghavan, to keep on the orphan Society, by electing a Secretary, an Asst., Secretary and a Treasurer. Even the new comers, under the stress of their examinations, could not give any fresh life to the Society in its disabled conditions, except on the occassion of the celebration of the Anniversary, on 18th March 1918. The Asscciation had never before experienced such a lively gathering and an interesting programme In spite of the existing fashion among the students of our College, to neglect Sanskrit, the hall was packed to the full, a feature to be envied by our sister Societies.

The Lecturer, Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami M. A., kept the audience on, till the musical entertainment. In the course of his Reading from "BILHANA" he narrated the Love-Romance of Bilhana, making suitable quotations in Sanskrit and also from the English translation in blank verse, by Mr. P. Seshadri. Bilhana is a very eminent poet who is also of a lovely person. He is tutor to the Princess, Yamini Purna Tilaka who falls in love with him and they secretly marry. The Lecturer compared the Princess to Desdemona. The King is incensed at his daughter's conduct and orders the execution of the Poet. The Poet, whose love fills him with happiness, even though under sentence of death, gives expression in a series of passionate poetical stanzas to the recollections of his happy, blessed love for the Princess. The climax is reached when he sends forth an address to Brahma, the Lord Creator, to order the five elements, into which, his body would be resolved after death, to be about the person of his Lady-Love. The King's officers are touched with the sentiment and intercede for his pardon. The Poet and the Princess are at last blessed by the King and live happily. The Lecturer then compared the story to "The Victory" of Sir Tagore, where a somewhat similar situation is devoloped, where however, is a tragic end.

The Chairman in his concluding speech pointed out the great historical value of Bilhana's other works and

finished after an earnest appeal to love Sanskrit and study it usefully.

As befitting the Association, the songs given by the learned Musician, Mr. A. N. Venkata Rao Das, in company with the expert Violinist, Mr. Ramaswamy Iyengar, were highly devotional and inspiring. The entertainment was highly appreciated by the audience.

The Anniversary would never have become such a grand success, had it not been for the hearty and ungrudging support of our Principal, Mr. R. M. Statham and all the members of the Staff, and the ready and willing co-operation of the students. I am highly thankful to them. My thanks are also due to our learned and enthusiastic Pandit, Abinava Bhatta Bana, Sriman, R. V. Krishnamachariar Avl, who actually taught all of us to love and study Sanskrit, by his short, but stirring speech Messrs. N. Jagannatha Rao, the Asst., Secretary and N. Lakshmanan, the Treasurer, deserve to be thanked for their untiring services, even at the sacrifice of their tiffin.

Let us all remember, that in these days of practical efforts for National Education, we cannot afford to neglect Sanskrit. "Sanskrit is so dear to us, as embodying our proudest, National legends and myths, with which our National ideals and visions are inextricably associated. The sounds of Sanskrit have a lasting fascination for us and their music will always, raise our souls into the splendid ecstacy which cannot come to us otherwise." Some may call it a "Dead Language." But it is dead to such strangers to this language and not to us who actually study Sanskrit and experience its pleasures and beauties. Therefore, let us all reverence it, cultivate it and be proud of having it, in spite of our English studies and Western civilization.

College Buildings.
23rd March 1917.

S. VADIRAJA RAO,
Secretary.

கும்பகோணம் காலேஜ், தமிழ்ச்சங்கம்.

இக்கலாசாலையிற் பயிலும் மாணவர்களின் தமிழ்ப்பாஷாபி விர்த்தியைக்கருதி ஓர் தமிழ்ச்சங்கம் ஏற்படுத்தப்பட்டது. இச் சங்கத்திற்குக் காலேஜ் பிரின்ஸ்பால் Mr. R. M. ஸ்டேதம் துரை யவர்கள் அக்ராஸனாதிபதியாகவும், தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதர் மகா-ா-ா-ஸ்ரீ M. V. இராமானுஜாசாரியரவர்கள், உப அக்ராஸனாதிபதியாக வும், 4-வது வகுப்பு மாணவர் N. சங்கரநாராயண ஐயர் காரிய தரிசியாகவும், 2 வது வகுப்பு மாணவர் R. S. எதிராஜலுநாயுடு உபகாரியதரிசியாகவும், 2-வது வகுப்பு மாணவர் S. கிருஷ்ண ஸாமி ஐயர் பொக்கசதாரர் ஆகவும், மகா-ா-ஸ்ரீ S. பாலகிருஷ்ண ஐயர் அவர்களும் மகா-ா-ா-ஸ்ரீ A. V. வேங்கடராம ஐயர் அவர்க ளும் காலேஜ் ஆசிரியர்களின் பிரதிநிதிகளாகவும், 4-வது வகுப் புக்கு K. துரைஸாமி ஐயரும், 3-வது வகுப்புக்கு N. தியாகராம ஐயரும், 2-வது வகுப்புக்கு P. கோடிலிங்கஞ் செட்டியாரும், முதல் வகுப்புக்கு N. R. ராமஸாமி ஐயங்காரும் மாணவர்களின் பிரதிநிதிகளாகவும் அமைக்கப்பெற்ற ஓர் நிர்வாஹ ஸபை இவ் வருஷத்தில் ஏற்படுத்தப்பட்டது.

மாணவர்களில் அங்கத்தினராகச் சேர்ந்தவர் நூற்றைம் பதின்மர்.

இந்நகர் டிஸ்திரிக்ட் முனிசீப் மகா-ா-ா-ஸ்ரீ V. பாஷ்யமை யங்கார் அவர்கள் அக்ராஸனத்தின்கீழ், கடலூர் மகா-ா-ா-ஸ்ரீ தாவுத்ஷா ஸாஹிப் அவர்களால் 'தமிழ் மொழியின் உயர்வு' என்பதான இச்சங்கத்தின் பிரதிஷ்டைக்குரிய பிரஸங்கம் நடை பெற்றது. மற்றும் இவ்வருஷத்தில் 8 பிரஸங்கங்கள் நடந்தன.

(13—3—1918) அன்று இச்சங்கத்தின் வருஷோத்ஸவம் கொண்டாடப்பட்டது. காலேஜ் தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதர் மகா-ா-ா-ஸ்ரீ M. V. இராமானுஜாசாரியர் அவர்கள் அக்ராஸனம் வஹித்தனர்.

இந்நகர் பிரபல வக்கீல், மகா-ா-ா-ஸ்ரீ ராவ் பஹதூர் N. கிருஷ்ணஸாமி ஐயங்கார் அவர்கள் குறிப்பிட்டபடி மாணவர் களின் பேசும் வன்மைக்குப் பரிசளிக்கும் போட்டிப்பரீக்ஷை நடந்தது. 15-மாணவர்கள் ஆஜரானார்கள். முதற் பரிசு ராவ் பஹதூர் N. கிருஷ்ணஸாமி ஐயங்கார் அவர்களாலும் 2-வது பரிசு சென்னை பிரஸிடென்ஸி காலேஜ் தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதர் மஹாமஹோ பாத்யாயர் மகா-ா-ா-ஸ்ரீ V. சாமிநாத ஐயர் அவர்கள் பெயரால், இந்தக் காலேஜ் தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதர், M. V. இராமானுஜாசாரியர்

அவர்களாலும், மூன்றாவது பரிசு, தமிழ்ச்சங்கத்தின் பெயராலும் வழங்கப்பெற்றன.

பரிசு பெற்றோர்.

முதற்பரிசு,	N சங்கரநாராயணையர்,	4-வது வகுப்பு.
2-வது ,,	S. N. ஹரிஸாமி ஐயர்,	3-வது வகுப்பு.
3-வது ,,	S. K. திருவேங்கடாசாரியர்,	3-வது வகுப்பு.
	R. S. எதிராஜுலு நாயுடு,	2-வது வகுப்பு.

பிறகு திருவையாறு ஸம்ஸ்கிருத கலாசாலைத் தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதர் மகா-ள-ஸ்ரீ M. S. ஸந்தானம் ஐயங்கார் அவர்கள் கம்பராமாயணம் குகப்படலத்தில் ஓர் அரிய உபந்நியாஸஞ் செய்து மகிழ்வித்தனர்.

வருஷாந்த ரிபோர்ட்டும் வரவு செலவு கணக்குகளும் ஸபையோர்களால் அங்கீகரிக்கப்பட்டன. அக்ராஸநாதிபதியவர்களின் உபந்நியாஸத்திற்குப்பின் சந்தன புஷ்ப தாம்பூலங்களும் மங்களகீதவாழ்த்துக்களும் நடைபெற சங்கத்தின் முதல்வருஷபூர்த்திக் கொண்டாட்டம் நிறைவேறியது.

College Buildings,
26th March 18.

N. SANKARA NARAYANAN,
Secretary.

தமிழின் சரித்திரம்.

கடல் சூழ்ந்த இப்பரதகண்டத்தில் வழங்கும் பல பாஷைகளில் மிகவும் உன்னத ஸ்தானம் பெற்றிருப்பது தமிழ். இந்தத் தமிழானது சிவபிரானால் குமாரவேளுக்குச்சொல்லப்பட்டு அவரால் அகஸ்தியருக்கு உபதேசிக்கப்பட்டு அம்மாதவரால் உலகத்திற்குச் சொல்லப்பட்டிருக்கிறது. இப்படிப்பட்ட தமிழின் திவ்ய சரித்திரத்தை அறியக் கருவிகளாக இருப்பன பண்டைத் தமிழ்நூல்களும் வேறுசில புறநூல்களுமேயாம். இக்கருவிகள் இருட்டில் வழிதெரியாதவனுக்குச் சிறிது வழிகாட்டும் நக்ஷத்ரங்களையொத்த மின்மினிப்பூச்சிகளைப்போல் உதவுகின்றன.

தமிழின் பிறப்பிடம் மத்ய ஆசியா என்று அநேக காரணங்களினால் தெரிகிறது. சீனதேசத்துப் பாஷையிலும் தமிழ்ப் பாஷையிலும் ழகரம் இருப்பதினாலும், நீ, நான், யாம் முதலியன இருபாஷைக்கும் பொதுவாக இருப்பதனாலும் சீனர்களின் பெயரான வானவர் என்பதைத் தமிழரில் ஒருவரான சேரர் புனைந்து கொண்டதனாலும் இவ்விருபாஷைகளுக்கும் ஒரு சம்பந்தம் இருந்திருக்கவேண்டும் என்று தெரிகிறது. ஆகையால் தமிழ் ஒரு காலத்தில் சீனதேசத்தில் வழங்கியிருக்கலாம். அப்படி இல்லாமல் சீனபாஷை தமிழ் நாட்டில் வழங்கினதாகக்கூற ஒரு சான்றும் இல்லை.

இப்படிப் பிறந்த தமிழ் மெதுவாகப் பரவலாயிற்று. அப்படி அது குமரிநாடு முழுவதும் பரவிற்று. குமரிநாடானது Australia, Sumatra, Java, மேற்கே Madagaskar முதலிய தீவுகளையெல்லாம் அடக்கிக்கொண்டிருந்தது. இப்போதும் இத்தீவுகளிலும் Malaya-விலும் தமிழ் மொழிகள் பல கலந்துள்ளன. இது ஆரியர் படையெடுப்புக்கு முன்னதாகவேயாம். அப்போது பரதகண்டம் முழுவதிலும் தமிழ் இருந்ததாகத் தெரிகிறது. இப்போதும் சில தமிழ்ப் பெயர்கள் வடநாட்டோர்களின் பெயர்களாயிருத்தல் காணலாம். தவிரவும் Sindh, Rajmahal, Nagpur, முதலிய இடங்களில் வழங்கும் பாஷைகளில் அநேக தமிழ்ப் பதங்கள் இருப்பதாக ஸ்ரீமான் பொ. பாண்டித்துரைத் தேவரவர்கள் கூறுகின்றனர். அப்போது தமிழ் வழங்கினநாடு, "வடவிமயம் தென்குமரியாயிடை" என்றும் அவரே கூறுகின்றனர். இதன் பிறகு ஆரியர் படையெடுப்பினால் தமிழ் என்னும் பெண் தன் ஆடரங்கைச் சுருக்கினள். அப்போதுதான், "வடவேங்கடம்

தென்குமரியாயிடைத் தமிழ்கூறு நல்லுலகம்" ஆயிற்று. மற்றும் அப்போதுதான் இப்பாஷைக்குத் திராவிடம் அல்லது ஒடி ஒளிக்கும் சொல் என்று ஆரியர் பெயரிட்டனர். இப்படி இடம்விட்டு இடத்திற்குத் தமிழ் ஓடும்போது இதனிடமிருந்து அநேகபாஷைகள் பிறந்தன. அவற்றுள் தெலுங்கு, கன்னடம், மலையாளம் இவை முக்கியமானவை.

தமிழ் என்னும் பெயர் இம்மொழிக்கு எப்படிவந்தது என்பது நிச்சயமாய்த் தெரியவில்லை. இதைப்பற்றி அநேக கொள்கைகள் உள்ளன.

(1) திராவிடம் என்பது திரவிடம்—த்ரமிடம்—த்ரமிளம் தமிளம்—தமிள்—தமிழ் என்று வந்ததாகக்கூறுகின்றனர். ஆனால் தமிழுக்குத் திராவிடம் என்று ஆரியர் பெயரிட்டனரே ஒழியத் திராவிடத்திற்குத் தமிழ் என்று பெயர் வரவில்லை.

(2) கம்பர், இராமாயணம் ஆரணிய காண்டம் சித்ரகூடப் படலத்தில், "குழுவுநுண்டொளை வேயினும் குறிநலம்பெறவுற்
றெழுவுதண்டமிழ் யாழினுமினியசொற்கிளியே"
என்று இனிமை என்று பொருள்படக்கூறி இருக்கிறார்.

(3) சிலர், தமம்=வெற்றி, ஆரியத்தைவெற்றிகொண்டது என்கின்றனர்.

(4) சிலர், தமம்=யாகசாலை, வேதியரது யாக சாலையில் உண்டானதினால் அப்பெயர் என்பர்.

(5) சிலர், தமம்=மலைநாடு, ஆகையால் மலை நாட்டில் பிறந்ததால் வந்ததென்பர். இதன் நிச்சயம் தெரியவில்லை.

இனி, தமிழ் எப்போது எழுதப்பட்ட பாஷையாயிற்றென்று பார்ப்போம். முச்சங்கங்கள் வீற்றிருந்த காலம் முதலியவற்றை நோக்கினால் இன்றைக்கு 8000-வருடங்களுக்கு முன்னமேயே தமிழ் எழுதப்பட்டு வந்ததாகத்தெரிகிறது. ஆனால் 10000-வருடங்கட்கு முற்பட்ட எழுத்துச்சாதனங்கள் இப்போது அகப்படுகின்றன.

இவ்வளவு சிறப்புடன் தென்னாட்டிற்கு வந்த தமிழ்ப்பாஷையைப் பாண்டியர்கள் பண்டைக் காலத்திலிருந்தே அதாவது துவாபரயுகத்திற்கு முன்னிருந்தே ஆதரித்து வந்தனர். மகாபாரதத்தில் தமிழ்நாடு, பாண்டியர் இவர்களின் சிறப்பும் பாண்டவர்களுக்கு யுத்தத்தில் சகாயம் செய்து ஒரு பாண்டியன் அன்னமிட்டது அருச்சுனனுக்குத் தன் மகளை ஒரு பாண்டியன் கொடுத்தது மிகவும் சிறப்பாகச் சொல்லப்படுகின்றன. ராமாயண காலத்திலும் இது பாண்டியநாட்டில் சிறப்புப்பெற்றிருக்கவேண்டும்.

சுக்ரீவன் வானரர்களைத் தமிழ்வழங்கும் பாண்டியநாட்டிலும் சீதா பிராட்டியைத் தேடச்சொல்லுகிறான். ஆகையினால் பாரதகாலத்திற்கு முன்னமேயே தமிழ் அவ்விடம் இருந்தது தெரிகிறது.

ஆரியர் படையெடுப்பினால் தமிழுக்கு உண்டான ஒரு வேற்றுமை என்னவென்றால் அநேக வடமொழிகள் தமிழ்ப் பாஷையுடன் சேர்ந்துவிட்டன. அப்போதுதான் தமிழில் இல்லாத எழுத்துக்களான ஜ, ஸ, ஹ, ஷ, க்ஷ, என்னும் 5 எழுத்துக்கள் உண்டாயிருக்கவேண்டும்.

தமிழின் பிற்கால சரித்திரத்தை மூன்று பாகமாக ஸ்ரீமான் வி. கோ. சூரியநாராயண சாஸ்திரியார் அவர்கள் பிரித்திருக்கின்றனர். அவையாவன :—ஆதிகாலம்—இடைக்காலம்—பிற்காலம்.

(a) இவற்றுள் ஆதிகாலமானது கி. பி. 100-க்கு முற்பட்டது. இந்தக் காலத்தில் முதற் சங்கமும், இடைச் சங்கமும், கடைச் சங்கத்தின் முற்பகுதியும் நடைபெற்றன. முதற் சங்கமானது மதுரையில் காய்சினவழுதியினால் ஏற்படுத்தப்பட்டது. இதில் சிவபிரான், முருகக்கடவுள், குபேரன், அகஸ்தியர், முரிஞ்சியூர் முடிநாகராயர் இவர்கள் வீற்றிருந்தனர். இச்சங்கம் 4440 வருடங்கள் இருந்ததென்றும் காய்சினவழுதி முதல் கடுங்கோன் மாறன் ஈறாக 89 பாண்டியர்கள் இருந்தனர் என்றும் இவர்களில் 7-பேர் கவியரங்கேற்றினார்கள் என்றும் கடைசியில் இச்சங்கம் இருந்த மதுரை கடலாற் கொள்ளப்பட்டதென்றும் அப்போது ஆராய்ந்த நூல்கள் பரிபாடலும், முதுநாரையும், முதுகுருகும் களரியாவிரையும் என்னும் தொடக்கத்தன என்றும் மேற்படி சாஸ்திரியார் கூறுவர்.

இடைச்சங்கம் வெண்டேர்ச்செழியனால் ஏற்படுத்தப்பட்டது. இதில் இருந்து ஆராய்ந்தவர்கள் அகஸ்தியர், தொல்காப்பியர், இருந்தையூர்க் கருங்கோழிமோசி, வெள்ளூர்க்காப்பியன், சிறுபாண்டரங்கன், திரையன்மாறன், துவரைக்கோமான், கீரந்தை முதலியவர்களாம். இச்சங்க நூல்கள் கலி, குருகு, வெண்டாளி, வியாழமாலையகவல், அகஸ்தியம், தொல்காப்பியம், மாபுராணம் முதலியனவாம். இச்சங்கம் கபாடபுரத்தில் இருந்தது. இதன் வாழ்நாள் 3700 வருடங்கள். இது முடத்திருமாறன் காலத்து முடிவுபெற்றது. இதை ஆதரித்தோர் 59 பாண்டியர்கள். கவியரங்கேற்றினார் 5-பேர்கள்.

* கடைச் சங்கம் முடத்திருமாறனால் ஏற்படுத்தப்பட்டது. இதன் இருப்பிடம் உத்தரமாமதுரை. இதில் 49-புலவர்கள் இருந்தனர். முக்கியமானவர்கள் நக்கீரனார், சிறுமேதாவியார், சேந்தம்பூதனார், பெருங்குன்றூர்க்கிழார், இளந்திருமாறன் முதலியவர்கள். இவர்கள் செய்தன நெடுந்தொகை 400, குறுந்தொகை 400, நற்றிணை 400, ஐங்குறுநூறு, பதிற்றுப்பத்து, நூற்றைம்பதுகலி, எழுபதுபரிபாடல், கூத்துவரி, பேரிசை, சிற்றிசை, அகநானூறு, புறநானூறு, கலித்தொகை முதலியவைகளாம். இச்சங்கம் 1850 வருடங்கள் இருந்தது. திருவள்ளுவர் திருக்குறளும் ஔவையார் செய்த ஆத்திசூடி, கொன்றைவேந்தன், மூதுரை முதலியவைகளும் இக்காலத்தவையே.

(b) இடைக்காலம்:—இது கி பி. 100 முதல் கி. பி. 1400 வரையில் உள்ளது. இக்காலத்தில் தமிழ் ஐம் பெருங் காப்பியங்களான திருத்தக்கதேவர் செய்த சிந்தாமணி இளங்கோவடிகள் செய்த சிலப்பதிகாரம், மதுரைக் கூலவாணிகன் சாத்தனார் செய்த மணிமேகலை, வளையாபதி, குண்டலகேசி முதலியன எழுதப்பட்டன.

ஐந்து சிறுகாப்பியங்களான நீலகேசி, சூளாமணி, யசோதர காவியம், நாககுமாரகாவியம், உதயணன் சரித்திரம் இவைகளும் இக்காலத்தன. பக்திரசம் மிகுந்த திருவாசகம் என்னும் நூலும், சிற்றின்பக் கருத்தும் பேரின்பரசமும் மிகுந்த திருச்சிற்றம்பலக் கோவையாரும், மேருமந்தர புராணம் என்னும் ஜைன நூலும், திவாகரம், பிங்கலம் என்னும் நிகண்டுகளும், அணியியலும், முத்தொள்ளாயிரமும் இக்காலத்தே செய்யப்பட்டன. இக்காலத்திலேயே திருஞானசம்பந்தர், திருநாவுக்கரசர் இவர்களின் தேவாரங்கள் வெளிவந்தன. 9-ம் நூற்றாண்டில் நாலாயிரப்பிரபந்தம் என்னும் வைணவநூலும் சுந்தரமூர்த்தி நாயனார் தேவாரமும் வெளிவந்தன. பத்தாம் நூற்றாண்டில் வெளிவந்த நூல்களில் முக்கியமானது கல்லாடம். தவிர நன்னூல், நேமிநாதம், அகப்பொருள்விளக்கம் யாப்பருங்கலவிருத்தி முதலியனவும் வெளிவந்தன. 11-ம் நூற்றாண்டில் குலோத்துங்கசோழன் அவையில் இருந்த கம்பர் இரா

* கடைச் சங்கத்தின் காலமானது இப்போது ஆராயப்பட்டுவருகிறது. இதைப்பற்றி அதிகமாக ஒன்றும் கூறாமல் இப்பொழுது நடந்துவந்திருக்கும் ஆராய்ச்சியின்படி இதன் காலம் கி பி. 2-ம் நூற்றாண்டு என்றுமாத்திரம் சொல்லமுடியும். ஆனால் சேது ஸமஸ்தான வித்வான் ஸ்ரீமான் ராகவையங்காரவர்கள் இதன் காலம் 4-ம் நூற்றாண்டென்றும் மற்றொரு கனவான் 7-ம் நூற்றாண்டென்றும் சொல்லுகின்றனர்.

மாயணம் ஆறு காண்டமும், ஒட்டக்கூத்தர் இராமாயணத்தின் ஏழாவதாகிய உத்தரகாண்டமும், புகழேந்தியார் நளவெண்பாவும், ஔவையார் நல்வழியும், நீதிவெண்பாவும் செய்தார்கள்.* 12-ம் நூற்றாண்டில் சயங்கொண்டானால் கலிங்கத்துப்பரணி செய்யப் பட்டது. கந்தபுராணமும் பெரிய புராணமும் இக்காலத்தில் ஏற்பட்டன. தண்டியலங்காரம் இந்தக் காலத்திலேயே ஏற்பட் டது. பரிமேலழகர், நச்சினார்க்கினியர், அடியார்க்குநல்லார் முத லிய உரையாசிரியர்கள் இக்காலத்திலேயே விளங்கிவந்தனர்.

(c) பிற்காலம்:—இது 1400 கி. பி. முதல் இற்றை நாள் வரையில்கொண்டது. இக்காலத்தில் அதிவீரராமபாண்டியரும் அவரது சகோதரரும் இருந்து நைடதம், கூர்மபுராணம், காசி காண்டம் முதலியவற்றை எழுதினர். நிரம்பவழகியதேசிகர் சேது புராணம் செய்தனர். வில்லிபுத்தூரார் பாரதம் மொழிபெயர்த்த காலமும் சங்கப் புலவரான பெருந்தேவனார் உரையிடையிட்ட பாட்டுடைச் செய்யுளாய்ப் பாரதம் எழுதின காலமும் இதுவே. இக்காலத்தே அருணகிரிநாதர் திருப்புகழும், கந்தரந்தாதியும் பாடினார். இக்காலத்திலேயே நல்லாப்பிள்ளையும், வரந்தருவாரும் அட்டாவதானி ரங்கநாதக் கவிராயரும் பாரதத்தை முடித்தனர். பரஞ்சோதிமுனிவரும் பக்திரசத்துடன் திருவிளையாடற்புராணம் எழுதினார். மற்றும் இக்காலத்தில் இலக்கணக் கொத்துரையும், நன்னூல் விருத்தியுரையும் வெளிவந்தன. சிவஞான முனிவர் அநேக நூல்களை யெழுதிப் பெரும்புகழ் படைத்தனர். இவரது சிஷ்யர் கச்சியப்பமுனிவர் தணிகைப் புராணமும் விநாயகபுராண மும் செய்தனர். சிவப்ரகாசஸ்வாமிகள், பிரபுலிங்கலீலையும், நன்னெறியும் நீதிநெறிவிளக்கமும் செய்தனர். இனி வீர வைஷ்ணவரும் திவ்ய கவியுமான பிள்ளைப்பெருமாளையங்கார் அட்டப்பிரபந்தங்களைச் செய்தனர்.

கடைசியாக மீனாக்ஷிசுந்தரம் பிள்ளையவர்கள் திருநாகைக் காரோணபுராண முதலிய பல புராணங்களைச் செய்தனர். தற் காலத்தில் சரவணப்பெருமாளையரும் ஆறுமுகநாவலரும் வசன

* இதனால் புலப்படுவது என்னவெனில் நம் தமிழ்நாட்டில் இரண்டு பெயர்கள் ஔவையார் என்றிருக்கவேண்டும். இவர்களுள் ஒருவர் கடைச் சங்கத்தின் பிற்பகுதியில் குலோத்துங்கசோழன் காலத்தில் வசித்து நல்வழி நீதிவெண்பா இவைகளையும் மற்றொருவர் கடைச்சங்கத்தின் முற்பகுதியி லிருந்து ஆத்திசூடி, கொன்றைவேந்தன், மூதுரை இவைகளையும் இயற்றி இருக்கவேண்டும். இவர்களுள் பின் சொல்லப்பட்டவரே திருவள்ளுவரின் சகோதரியாராகவும் ஆதிபகவற்குக் குமாரியாராகவும் சொல்லப்பட்டிருக் கவேண்டும்.

நடையில் எழுத ஆரம்பித்தனர். இந்நூல்கள் மதுரை கபாடபுரம் உத்தரமாமதுரை முதலிய பல இடங்களிலும் பல காரணங்களாலும் அழிந்தவை போக மிஞ்சினவை.

இதுவரையில் தமிழ் நூல்களைப்பற்றிக் கூறிவந்தேன். இனி இவைகளில் காலந்தோறும் உண்டான வேறுபாடுகளைப்பற்றிக் கூறுகிறேன்.

(a) ஆதிகாலம். இக்காலத்தில் புலவர்களை ஆதரித்தவர்கள் சங்கத்தவர்கள். இக்காலத்தில் உண்டான நூல்கள் எல்லாம் மனிதர்கள் இயல்பையும், இயற்கையழகையும்பற்றிக் கூறுகின்றன. உதாரணமாகத் தொல்காப்பியத்தை எடுத்துக்கொண்டால் அதில் அக்காலத்துத் தமிழராது பழக்க வழக்கங்கள் கூறப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. இந்நூல்கள் மிகவும் செம்மையான தமிழில் எழுதப்பட்டனவாகும். ஆனால் இரண்டொரு வித்யாசங்கள் இருக்கலாம்.

(b) மத்யகாலம்:—இக்காலத்துத் தமிழ் சிற்றரசர்களால் ஆதரிக்கப்பட்டுவந்தது. இக்காலத்து நூல்கள் பெரும்பான்மை சமயச் சார்புடையனவாகவும் சிறுபான்மை நீதி நூல்களாகவும் இருக்கின்றன. தமிழ்க் காவியங்களில் பெரும்பான்மை எல்லாம் பௌத்தமதம் ஜைனமதம் இவைகளின் சரித்ரங்களாகவே இருக்கின்றன. இதற்குக் காரணம் இக்காலத்தில் இவ்விரண்டு மதங்களும் இந்தியாவில் பிரபலமாக இருந்ததேயாகும். இதற்கு மற்றோர் உதாரணம் திருவாசகம். இக்காலத்து நீதிநூல்கள் நல்வழி, நீதிவெண்பா, மூதுரை முதலியனவாகும்.

மணிப்ரவாளநடை யென்பது இக்காலத்திலேயே உண்டாயிற்று இந்நடையானது தமிழ் வடசொல் இரண்டும் சேர்ந்த ஒரு நடை ஆகையால் இதை ஸ்ரீமான் சூரியநாராயண சாஸ்திரியார் அவர்கள் இழிவாகக்கூறுகின்றனர். ஆனால் இதனால் தமிழுக்கு ஒருபெரிய நன்மை உண்டாயிற்று. அதாவது தமிழ் மிகவும் பெயர்பெற்ற ஒரு பாஷையாயிற்று. மற்ற மொழியில் இது வழங்கிற்றென்றால் இதற்கு அது ஒருபெரிய கீர்த்தியன்றோ?

(c) பிற்காலம்:—இக்காலத்தில் தமிழ் திருவாவடுதுறை ஆதீனத்தார் சில சிற்றரசர் முதலியவர்களால் ஆதரிக்கப்பட்டு வந்தது. இக்காலத்து நூல்கள் சில தெய்வ ஸ்துதிகளாகவும், சில நீதி நூல்களாகவும் சில சமயசம்பந்தப்பட்டவைகளாகவும் இருக்கின்றன. முதல் பிரிவில் சேர்ந்தன பிரபுலிங்கலீலை, அந்தாதிகள் முதலியனவாகும். இரண்டாவதில் சேர்ந்தவை

நீதிநெறிவிளக்கம், நன்னெறி முதலியனவாகும். மூன்ருவதில் கூறப்பட்ட சமயநூல்கள் சிவஞானமுனிவர் செய்த சித்தாந்த மரபுகண்டன கண்டம் முதலியவைகளாம். * இக்காலநூல்களில் அநேக திசைச்சொற்கள் சேர்ந்துவிட்டன.

இப்படி,

"பல்லுயிரும் பலவுலகும் படைத்தளித்துத் துடைக்கினுமோர்
எல்லையறு பரம்பொருள்முன் னிருந்தபடி யிருப்பதுபோல்
கன்னடமும் களிதெலுங்கும் கவின்மலையா ளமுந்துளுவும்
தன்னுதரத் துதித்தெழுந்தே யொன்றுபல வாயிடினும்
ஆரியம்போல் உலகவழக் கழிந்தொழிந்து சிதையாத"

நமது தாய் பாஷையின் பெருமைக்கும் இதை விருத்திசெய்வதற்கு மிகவும் சிரத்தையும் தேக சிரமமும் எடுத்துக்கொண்டு தமிழ்நூல்கள் இறக்குந்தருவாயிலிருந்தவற்றையெல்லாம் மறுபடியும் உயிரடையச்செய்யும் நமது ஸ்ரீமான் மஹாமஹோபாத்தியாய V. ஸ்வாமிநாதையரவர்கள் பெருமைக்கும் ஸ்ரீமான்களான பொ. பாண்டித்துறைத்தேவர், பெத்தாச்சி செட்டியார், சேதுபதிராஜா இவர்களது குன்ருப் புகழுக்கும் அளவுண்டோ? இந்த உயர்தனிச் செம்மொழியாகிய தமிழில் உள்ள நூல்கள் அறம் பொருள் இன்பம் வீடு இவைகளைப்பயக்கும் என்பதில் ஐயமுண்டோ?

"கண்ணு தற்பெருங் கடவுளுங் கழகமோ டமர்ந்து
பண்ணு றத்தெரிந் தாய்ந்தவிப் பசுந்தமி ழேனை
மண்ணி டைச்சில விலக்கண வரம்பிலா மொழிபோல்
எண்ணி டைப்படக் கிடந்ததா வெண்ணவும் படுமோ"

"தொண்டர் நாதனைத் தூதிடை விடுத்தது முதலை
யுண்ட பாலனை யழைத்தது மென்புபெண் ணுருவாக்
கண்ட தும்மறைக் கதவினைத் திறந்ததுங் கன்னித்
தண்ட மிழ்ச்சொலோ மறுபுலச் சொற்களோ?"

என்று இதுபற்றியன்றோ திருவிளையாடற் புராணத்தில் பரஞ்சோதிமுனிவரும் கூறியுள்ளனர்? ஆனால் தமிழின் பெருமையைக் கூறப்பெருகும். ஆகையால் இதை இம்மட்டோடு நிறுத்தி மற்றவர்களின் அபிப்ராயத்தை அறிந்துகொள்கிறேன்.

C. V. KRISHNAMURTHY RAO.

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* உதாரணமாக "சுராதிபதி மாலயனுமாலொடு சலாமிடு
சுவாமிமலை வாழும் பெருமாளே"
என்னும் அருணகிரி நாதரது திருப்புகழில் சலாம் என்னும் மொழியை எடுத்துக்கொள்ளலாம்.

The Secretary has received the following letters from the brothers of **Sir Sundar Lal**.

(i)

9 Elgin Road
ALLAHABAD
26th Feb. 1918.

MY DEAR SIR,

Please convey on behalf of the members of the family of **Sir Sundar Lal**, my brother and myself our thanks to the members of the Kumbaconam College Literary Society for their kind sympathy and condolence in our affliction.

Yours sincerely,
(Sd.) BALDEO RAM DAVE
High Court Vakil, Allahabad.

(ii)

DEAR SIR,

We are extremely thankful to you and the other members of the Literary Society Government College, Kumbaconum, for your kind sympathy and condolence in our sad affliction.

Yours sincerely,
(Sd.) KANHARYA LAL
Judicial Commissioner, Oudh.

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